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MAN AS HE IS.

THE END

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MAN AS HE IS.

A
NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES

BY THE AUTHOR OF HERMSPRONG.

Voluptates, blandissimæ dominæ, majores partes animi à virtute
detorquent.

SECOND EDITION.

V O L. III.

[V. : Rob. Bage]

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE.
AT THE
Minerva-Press
LEADENHALL-STREET.

M.DCC.XCVI.

MAN AS HE IS.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARNABY RASCH."

Staats-, Kreis- und Stadtbibliothek Augsburg

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VOL. III.

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,

AT THE

STATIONERS' HALL,

LEADENHALL STREET.

M.DCCC.XLV.

MAN AS HE IS.

CHAP. I.



WE must now leave the ungracious Miss Colerain to her fate, and attend the tender-hearted and generous Sir George Paradyne to Germany.—As he was extremely restless, dejected, incapable of business, and detesting study, Mr. Lindsay thought it expedient to give him as much motion as he could bear, in a country which would present the fewest incitements to ease and indolence, and to give him subjects to

exercise the understanding, without softening the heart.

Letters to the Queen, by Monsieur de Luc, had sometimes engrossed their attention; and Mr. Lindsay proposed to Sir George to visit Germany with the books in their hands, and to endeavour to believe as Monsieur de Luc has believed.—Sir George was perfectly acquiescent, and as Mr. Fielding had proposed going the tour with Sir George, it was necessary to write, to inform him of their intention, and where he might join them in any part of the ensuing summer he chose.—Mr. Fielding returned the following answer:

“ I thank you, dear Paradyne, for your superlative kindness; but I find Monsieur de Luc rather unreasonable.—In order to read Genesis, as Genesis ought to be read, he prescribes a dozen journies into Germany, or at least the reading of them. I thank God, I can have the faith without the fatigue. Heaven forbid I should deny that the miners of Hartz are the happiest of human beings.

How should they be otherwise, when they see their wives but once a week? It is true, their bread might be better, and they might be allowed onions at least to eat with it.—But after all, they are made ample amends, by their wives scrubbing brushes on Saturday night, and by going with clean faces to church on Sunday.

“Heaven forbid, too, that I should deny the happiness of that other class of felicitants, who live in the pure stile of simple nature, “when man and beast, joint tenants of the shade,” performed their functions so lovingly together, that nothing, quite like it, is to be seen in all London.

“Heaven forbid, in short, that I should deny any thing which Monsieur de Luc, a man so largely endowed with talents for faith, would have me believe; especially since it is so easy to conceive that God might not like his antediluvian world, and that therefore he chose to tumble it into the sea, and to tumble this other out, this world of ours,

Paradyne, so full of valorous men and beautiful women.

“ To this dear bewitching part of his new work, I find myself rather addicted, inasmuch, that ’till towards autumn, when my charming Hyenas’ have left their watering places, and gone into village cantonments, I cannot leave them. About this time, I calculate, you will be bored sufficiently with German cosmology, and will be returning towards the Spa, where I intend to join you.

“ Interim, I am your’s entirely,

“ JOHN LAKE FIELDING.”

Sir George then, having wrote to Lady Mary, to Mrs. Birimport, and Mr. James Paradyne, crossed the sea, and travelled thro’ Holland to Osnaburgh, where he had directed the first letters from England to be sent. There he found many ; amongst others, the following :

“ DEAR

“ DEAR GEORGE,

“ What, with this damned gout, and your cursed haste, I had not time to give you my opinion of things.—As to good advice, I know that Mr. Lindsay, a stayed, sober man, rather too sober, will give you enough, if you will take it.—But the thing is, what business have you out of your own country? I am a justice of the peace, and you ought to be member for the county, and to take care of your hounds and your stud.—I wish I had had the care of your education; but who could foresee things? Your Greek and Latin was well enough for a parson, but they will not do for a gentleman, George.—Colleges do not turn out men now a-days. The whipsters get into the field by ten o’clock, walk their horses a mile or two after a fox, and then go home, half killed with the fatigues of the day. The women have them all now a-days, George, and teach them the ton; that is, to dress, and dance, and paint. When you have had your folly out, come home, and do as I do. Ride me a fifty mile

B 3

chace,

chace, or kill me a dozen partridges before breakfast; better, I think, than walking through your parterres in red Morocco slippers, like my young Lord Fantail.—I could write a great deal more, but I will not; for perhaps you will only laugh at the old put.—So I conclude your loving uncle,

“JAMES PARADYNE.”

“*Please your Honor,*

“Your Honor, not giving me proper orders, I make bold to write to your Honor, that Bishop Blaze, as your Honor would have new christened Quad, though I never knew a Quad good for much should be put into trimmings for to catch up a King’s plate or two this summer, and the two best hunters should be fired, that they mayn’t get sprains in the back sinews, and the bay filly, rising three years, should begin to think of honour and glory.—As to old Flounder, he’s done, and I would advise your Honor to sell him
for

for a coal carrier, or to draw in a gin.—This is all I has to say to your Honor, wishing your Honor a speedy return, and the best stud in all the county, which would be barring accidents in three years, as sure as I am your Honor's humble servant to command,

“JOHN WAVELL.”

“*Good Sir,*

“You was in such haste, that I had not time to consult you about many things.—In particular, what must I do with Thomas Fox, and James Speed, and widow Blacklock ; I'm afraid none of them can hold their farms, and it does not become me, your faithful steward, to see your rents decline, and your farms run to ruin.

“Mr. Beard has made application for the Ryecroft farm ; so has John Dent ; I'm affraid the latter is too weak for it, though an honest man.

“ Mr. Pillerton desires your commands about the octagon.—So, in hopes of speedy orders,

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your most faithful servant,

“ JOHN CARTWRIGHT.”

The travellers occupied themselves several days in the environs of Osnaburg, whence Sir George wrote the following answers :

“ *To Mr. James Paradyne.*

“ I am always pleased to hear from my dear uncle, and thank him for his opinion of things. The fashion of the times is so much changed, that I cannot be quite like you, my dear Sir, if I would.—A horse is an excellent physician, I allow, and hounds and pointers are most exhilarating animals. We have changed them for the worse, no doubt, but who can help it ? We have ragouts instead of sirloins ; we have Italian concerto's, instead of the early horn ; but we have
Humphrie's

Humphrie's and Mendoza's still ; and Epfom and Newmarket ; fo that you fee we have not totally degenerated.—Then for animation, we have four by cards, and feven's the main ; even your Rochwood and Bowman muft yield to them, for the productions of lively fenfations.

“ Yes, dear uncle, England has good things in plenty.—But as one fets a greater value on health for having been fick, fo I go to look upon other nations, in order to love my own.—When I have done this, I return, and make hafte to be as like my uncle as I can.

“ I am his affectionate and

“ obedient nephew,

“ GEORGE PARADYNE.”

“ *To Mr. Cartwright.*

“ The management of the Suffex eftates were put under your care by my refpected father ; nor will I interfere with you, except

so far as to desire, that in all dubious cases, you will incline towards the tenant; more especially if he is poor, and has a family.

“ Let us instance in the case of Thomas Fox.—This man is sober; he is industrious; and he has a large family. All these are incitements to my favour. But he has been unfortunate, and is sinking under his distresses.—This must not be, Mr. Cartwright;—he must be supported, encouraged, and made easy.—He owes rent, you say; the only way to recover it, is to lend him money. In reality, it is only lending it to my land.

“ If Speed’s character were the same, I would do as much for him; but this man is drunken and vicious.—Get him off, but let him take all his property.

“ Widow Blacklock! How could you suppose, Mr. Cartwright, I could think of distressing her? A woman with five ungrown up children! Blacklock was my father’s bailiff—a very honest man.—His father served my grandfather.—Why, man, they have been an appendage to our family ever since

William

William the Conqueror, for any thing I know; and they shall not be sent to seek a maintenance amongst strangers, whilst their only fault is poverty.

“Wavel has offended me; Flounder was my father’s favourite, and is now old.—The unfeeling wretch would, for a guinea, consign him to want and misery the remainder of his life.—I would turn him away, if I had not you to controul him. Pray look into the stables with a curious eye. Humanity is well shewn in taking care of dumb animals, whom we fetter and prevent from taking care of themselves. As to the silly questions Wavel asks me about the racers and hunters, pray order what you please.—You will pay Pillerton his bill, and dismiss him ’till my return.

“Your friend,

“GEORGE PARADYNE.”

CHAP. II.

IF to make books of words, and money of books, were my sole, or principal design, what could I do better than to give a full and true account of Germany—its roads and rivers, and towns and woods;—its fashions, and its politeſſe? A birth-day ball at the Court of Drefden, would probably gratify many of my fair readers; for who, but muſt love Drefden, whence they draw ſuch power to charm. To thoſe who diſcover their martial inclinations by their attachment to a red coat and cockade, a review at Potsdam muſt be entertaining.—Other Engliſh
travellers

travellers have found, at the courts of this granary of great and small kings, the most polite, most condescending, most conversible amongst the rulers of men; and why may not Sir George Paradyne import a few regal smiles, regal apothegms, and regal bon mots?

But, in the journal of Mr. Lindsay, I find little else but Schorl, and petrefactions, and lavas; old worlds and new. As to Sir George, it appears that he was not in the humour to think matter, animate or inanimate, worth his notice. He kept no journal;—made no remarks; visited no connoisseurs; danced with no ladies; dined with no kings. In short, as far as corporeal motion was concerned, he was an automaton, moved by the will of Mr. Lindsay:—With respect to intellect, he endeavoured to turn it towards Monsieur de Luc; some power, greater than his own, directed it towards the image of Miss Colerain.

It was soon apparent to Mr. Lindsay, that he had not chose this journey with judgment;
and

and that something more than philosophy was necessary to eradicate a passion. Afraid the growing indifference of Sir George might lead to undesirable effects, he determined to shorten the tour one half, and wrote Mr. Fielding a request to meet them at Spa as early as midsummer. This indeed was a reluctant step; for Mr. Lindsay did not like Mr. Fielding; but politeness required it, because at this place they had appointed to meet.

Sir George had written twice to Mrs. Birimport, and had once been answered.—This answer was grave and moral, and had in it very wise reflections relative to the world and its vanities, but nothing about herself—save that she had heard of Lord Aufchamp and seen Lady Mary once.—Sir George had shewn it to Mr. Lindsay, and was expressing his fears for his sister's happiness one morning at breakfast, when Sir George's gentleman, a Mr. Carter, a decent middle-aged man, who was waiting, looked as if he had something to say, but was with-held by a respectful

spectful timidity.—A little encouragement, however, made him tell the gentlemen, that he had some years courted Mrs. Plant, Mrs. Birimport's woman ; that he had received a letter from her by the last English mail, of which the chief subject was Mrs. Birimport ; that it was not indeed pretty to shew love letters ; but that there was nothing in this, except bad spelling, perhaps, which did not do credit to Mrs. Plant.—This was the letter.

“ Dear Mr. Carter,

*“ I received your's from Osnaburgh, and am vastly glad to hear you are contented and happy. I wish it was so with us ; but we go on in the old way. My mistress, for patience and sweetness of temper, is an angel.—My master, as you know, has not much of either, but he has a great deal of understanding ;—and he employs it in teasing his lady, which is no uncommon thing in London. He is what the doctors call a hypochondric, or some such word, which means hip'd ; and to be sure they are right ; for I never saw any
fine*

fine lady, and I have been pretty much among them, so full of vapours. He has got rid of all manner of business, on purpose, as he tells my lady, to enjoy happiness; so having nothing to do, he indulges us with a vast deal of his company—I say us, because my lady makes me fit with her; being both busy in a great piece of embroidery;—and to tell you a secret, I don't think she cares much for being alone with him; I believe because he is so fond. Then he has a way with him, of making a noise as regular as the ticking of a clock; you may just hear it; but I cannot tell you what it's like; it's so very odd; and it is to denote that he is in pain; but he has done it so long, that it comes now whenever he sits still, pain or no pain.

“But he is monstrous odd in words, as well as things. You must know my lady seldom stirs from home; so he takes it in his head she is discontented; and then he says he does not like a woman to have the recluse virtues of a nun.—So he maunders 'till he gets

gets her out, and as one engagement often brings on another, perhaps she will be out three or four times running. Then his tone changes, and he says a great many comical ill-natured things about a woman's disposition for gadding. He makes it out, as we inherit it from our first mother ; because she would not stay by Adam, though he desired it ; but would go gadding about the garden by herself, to see what devils she could pick up. But this is monstrous wicked, as I think.

“ Sometimes he'll look over our work, and find fault ; and one day he said to my lady, now I suppose you think this clever, and expect I should applaud it. So I should perhaps, had I never been abroad ; but English women are children in these arts, compared with the women of Bengal. My lady said, I suppose they practise more, Mr. Birimport.—Assuredly, replies my master ; they practise always : They are always at home, Mrs. Birimport. Now this was just after she had been at the opera, and at Lady Mary Paradyne's

Paradyne's rout. So she said.—Is it by their own choice, Mr. Birimport? Now, what was there in this question, Mr. Carter? And she spoke it so mildly; and yet it non-plussed him; for he hesitated and stammered, and said,—Yes—no—yes—zounds—choice—yes, to be sure—why they are brought up to it.

“I suppose then,” my mistress said, “it must be quite easy and agreeable to them.”

“It ought to be,” he said; “but that there was a certain perversity in women all over the globe.”

“Pray what is that, Mr. Birimport?” my mistress asked.

He said, “it was chusing to please themselves rather than their husbands.”

And she smiled and said, “she believed that sort of perversity might be general enough.—“But,” says she, “won't you make me an exception, Mr. Birimport? Don't I stay at home and work?”

“But do you do it by choice, Madam?” said he.

To

To which she answered, in a smiling manner, “Why, yes—no—yes—you know I am brought up to it now.”

Now they had been joking hitherto, as it were; but then my master said peevishly, “So you would insinuate, Madam, that I am your tyrant, your jailor; and that I keep you cooped up in a cage.”

“Surely,” my Mistress said, “this is a very harsh interpretation of a playful repetition of your own words.”

“Oh! then, Madam,” says he, “you only meant to poison in jest.”

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Birimport,” she said; “I did not mean to offend.”

However, he was cross and provoking for a good half hour; but he never could get her to answer him one word more, though he fell to abusing her for her silence.

“But I have somewhat to tell you, worse and wickeder than all this—for one Sunday evening he comes into my Mistress’s dressing-room, where I was a doing something, and she was reading in the Bible.—“So,” says he,
he,

he, "and so you are poring over that silly book now, and think you are pious; and that you are spending the Sabbath after God's holy will and commandment."

"At least," says she, "Mr. Birimport, I hope I am not offending him."

"You, you offend him," says my Master, in a proud sort of way, "you offend Omnipotence. I should not have supposed it possible, even for a fine lady. Mortal vanity must have arrived at an extravagant pitch, before this could have entered a human head."

"It has entered most human heads, notwithstanding," my lady answered, "and I hope without doing them much harm."

"For fear of offending God, Madam," said my master, "I suppose you would not oblige me with a little music; it would alarm Heaven with noise. It would be still worse, no doubt, to make up a whist party; and prodigiously inconsonant to your notions of piety."

My

My mistress said, "I had rather let them alone, Mr. Birimport; but if you chuse them, I do not think them of so offensive a nature as to justify me in not obliging my husband."

"Then my Master said, "Nothing was so easy as to corrupt a woman. Present to her imagination any sin she likes, though contrary to her most sacred duties, and she will be sure to find some decent excuse for running headlong into it."

"Was not my master vastly wicked, Mr. Carter? and I thought him so spiteful.

"To be sure, Mr. Carter, I should be glad of your safe return; though I'm not in haste to be married; for my mistress is so kind; and I should think it cruel to leave her 'till she's a better prospect. I know it's a great sin to wish any body's death, and so I don't. However, if it pleases God to take my Master, I don't think I should cry above a week. So I subscribe myself,

"Your's, 'till death,

"SARAH PLANT."

Sir

Sir George wrote to his sister in the kindest manner, and grieved that it was not in his power to give her more essential consolation. He wrote also to Miss Colerain, as he had done several times before, by way of consolation to himself; after which the travellers turned their steps through the Austrian territories towards Spa, where livelier scenes awaited them.

C H A P. III.

ALTHOUGH it was the latter end of July when they arrived, they found neither Mr. Fielding, nor letters from him. There was, however, much company, and such as might have amused a less sickly mind

mind than Sir George's. But, the waters once tasted, the country once seen, the music once heard, and the ladies once admired, all the pleasures of Spa were to him exhausted. He was actually meditating to proceed for Italy, when the arrival of Mr. Fielding, in company with Sir George's English acquaintance, Count Colliano and the Marquis de Valines, changed his intention and himself.

What are the supreme joys of gaming, a poor author, like myself, is never likely to know. Reasoning a priori, no one would ever have conjectured that it could have done any thing more than amuse a leisure hour, or kill a tedious one. But that it has joys, joys ineffable, superior even to any in the power of lovely woman to give, we must suppose from its effects; effects, which the sober man of business, beholds with astonishment; and for which the philosopher seeks an adequate cause in vain. Some of the most profound of these seem to have anticipated

pated (for the soul) the system of the late John Brown, of stimulating memory.

According to this, it must begin with a gentle tickling of the imagination, and go on with a regular, though sometimes tolerably rapid progression, 'till it acquires a power to shake, to tear the soul; and from this charming power are derived the excesses, so justly the objects of our admiration.

In what stage of the progress Sir George was, when he left London, I do not know exactly. But he had renounced it; for both Lindsay and reason had demonstrated its follies. Yes, he had renounced it; and had temptation never approached him, I dare say, would have renounced it for ever. But for four long months, he had been travelling in Germany, and philosophizing upon matter that had no life in it.—Dear ladies, I am sure I must have made his apology.

“I should have been with you something sooner, my dear Paradyne,” said Mr. Fielding, “but that upon the road I fell in with a family from Wales. The father, Mr. David Fleuellen,

Fluellen, a descendant of that very Captain Fluellen who gained immortal renown at Agincourt; his sister and daughter."

"A family of merit, I suppose," said Sir George.

"Oh! infinite!" Mr. Fielding replied.—
"What is the first merit of a Christian, man? Faith.—And faith he has it.—The sister is a believer also, in ghosts, witches, dreams, and omens; above all, in the efficacy of her own prayers; quite a favourite in Heaven. The daughter—Ah! Paradyne—there's the girl of girls; the child of pure nature; all red and white, and kind and coming."

"You would not seduce her, sure," said Sir George.

"Oh! Lord! no," replied Fielding;—
"but I am afraid she'll seduce me. It is impossible to look at her without being convinced of the frailty of man's nature."

"Oh! fie, Fielding," said Sir George;—
"spare her innocence."

"Is love in thy creed a guilty thing, then?" asked Fielding.

“Marry,” said Sir George, “and love as much as thou wilt.”

“As I can thou meanest,” replied Fielding.—“Knowest thou any cure for love, so quick as matrimony, and so sure?”

“Common place,” answered Sir George.

“Will the fire of virtue never be out in thy Lindfaic soul?” said Fielding.—“Let us talk of Fluellen. ’Till this journey, the old gentleman has never been twenty miles from the foot of Plimlimmon, where he possesses a clear estate of 200l. per annum. As he could not afford to give his daughter half of it for dress and boarding-school, he kept her at home. His wife died in the second year of her marriage; and ever since, this trio have been cooped up in their cage, and, by the help of a dog, a gun, prayer-book, a pack of cards, and a shuttlecock, they have enjoyed perfect happiness.”

“Latterly, the old gentleman has added brandy to his other enjoyments; and this has brought on a complaint which the Welch apothecary says is quite anomalous. Now,
Miss,

Miss, you must know, has had 2000l. left her by a maternal aunt. This has given birth to a desire to see the world; and especially foreign parts. After twelve councils, it was decided for Spa; for, says the son of Esculapius, some of the Spa waters are good for one thing, some for another; so if you drink them all 'Squire, some of them may hit your case.'" This was unanswerable.

CHAP. IV.

IN one month, such is the prevalence of good company, Sir George began to think again this world had its pleasures; in two, he partook of these pleasures liberally. I cannot help it; I am only the recorder of

C 2

things,

things, not the fabricator. Most willingly I would have exhibited in Sir George Paradyne, a character always wise, good, chaste, benevolent, and patriotic; a model for faithful lovers; a pattern card for posterity.

When I found this would not be without a deviation from the strait line of truth, what, said I, is veracity, when it stands in the way of great designs? Answer this, ye men of the great world; answer this, ye critics.—And the critics answered, to endue a young rich gentleman of quality, in the reign of George the Third, with too many virtues, is to violate the rules of probability so much, that—“That what?”—“Excuse us, Mr. Editor; this true history of your’s smells enough of the lamp already. We a little suspect your line of life. It may appear to some, that you never saw a gentleman;” but the critics are mistaken. I have seen some very good ones.

Every good Englishman believes, that excellence is only to be found in his own country, or is attainable only by his own countrymen.

men. With due deference to this part of our national creed, I can scarcely think it well founded. After every possible exertion, our gentlemen found themselves eclipsed in dress, and in dance, by the Marquis de Crayence; they were totally unable to arrive at the coolness of calculation with which Count Colliano and the Marquis de Valines carried on their operations, and were fairly vanquished in the fields of Burgundy, by the superior valour of the Barons Dedpraw and Gronk of Westphalia. But in the articles of whim, frolic, and profusion, who shall vie with Englishmen? Here, at least, they supported the national character; and Spa had not been so vivacious, since the joyous days of Lord —— and Colonel ——.

These vivacities were not to the taste of Mr. Lindsay: He made remonstrances, which Mr. Fielding laughed at, and Sir George neglected. The good sense of his young friend was giving way to the flash of wit; his excellent morals to gallantry, to dissipation, and riot. He saw his influence lost,

and would have returned immediately to England ; but that he wished to prevent the ruin of the ignorant but innocent Miss Fluelen, to which he discovered the insidious attentions of Mr. Fielding were manifestly directed.

At an entertainment, given by our gentlemen at the Hotel de Liege, Mr. Fielding engaged in a certain argument with the Marquis de Crayence, and having unfortunately the weakest side to support, was under the necessity, which often afflicts an Englishman, of supplying, by warmth, what was deficient in argument. Count Sarkofki, a polish nobleman, whispered, but rather too audibly, to Baron Dedpraw, *Quam fervens ! Sol Angliæ.* This was unhappily said too, at the sole instant, perhaps, in which Mr. Fielding could have heard it. *Sol Podoliæ, quam frigidus ! quam crassus !* answered he, with great quickness. The *quam crassus* was certainly too much. The Palatine complained of it, and demanded an apology.—The other demanded an apology for the *quam*

quam fervens. They said disagreeable things to each other, 'till it became the sense of the company, the offence on both sides was in-
expiable, but by honour. Accordingly they met next morning, each with a second, a surgeon, and footman. They fired twice; the seconds said that honour was satisfied; they advanced, shook hands, praised each other's valour, and went back to town arm in arm.

C H A P. V.

ON the morning of this memorable day, before the return of the champions, Mr. Hugh Fluellen salutes his sister Miss Winifred, on her appearance in the breakfast parlour, with a “ Sister Win—what do you
C 4 think ?

think? There's sad news.—Lord have mercy! What fools men be now a-days."

"Yes, brother, Miss Winifred answered, "I do think men be great fools, now a-days; and as to bad news, you know I agnosticated it no longer than yesterday, since, when the three crows flew away to the left hand.—You may remember, too, brother, when we walked beyond the Geronstere, how an old woman, in an high crowned hat, with her cloaths all in geometry, was a picking sticks, and muttering to herself. She was an old witch, as sure as you are alive, and was a saying the Lord's prayer backward, to do mischief;—mayhap that very mischief you talks of.—Then I had sich a dream."

Miss Deborah had entered at the beginning of her aunt's harangue, and said now, "But what's the bad news, papa?"

"Why," answered Mr. Fluellen, "would you believe it? What fools men are now a-days. Mr. Fielding's gone to be killed."

"Lord Jesus!" says Miss Deb, "you terrify me to death, papa."

"Then

“Then my dream’s out,” says aunt Win; “for I dreamed I saw two cross bones upon a coffin; and a spirit all in white—and ——.”

“Oh! dear, says Miss Deb, “that’s me. I can’t live,” she continued, half fainting upon a settee; “I can’t live; I’m all over a cold sweat.”

“Poor dear Debby,” says honest Hugh.

“For matter of that,” said the good aunt, “you shew yourself forward enough, Miss. Mr. Fielding’s not your husband, as yet; — and it’s not becoming to be so fond before hand.—You’ve no occasion to go to disparage yourself. There are other gentlemen, sure, if Mr. Fielding should be killed. There’s Sir George Paradyne, as pretty a man to the full, and a deal richer.—He says to me, not three days ago, your niece is a divine creature, Miss Fluellen, and pressed my hand, just as though he had been a lover. She has a most sweet bloom. You must live in a fine air in Wales. Every thing denotes it. You yourself, Miss Fluellen, are the very picture of health and good humour. If I

was a trifle older, I should be tempted to aspire to the honour of your hand. Your niece has a thousand graces, which she must have learned from you. And don't you remember, Deb, whilst Sir George was talking in this polite elegant stile to me, what was you doing? Romping with Mr. Fielding, that half pulled your cloaths off your back."

"Dear laws!" says Miss, "how my aunt runs on, and all the while they're killing Mr. Fielding. Pray, Papa, do you know what it's about?"

"It's the Poland Lord there," said Mr. Eluellen; "him with the great whiskers.—Mr. Fielding and he had words together.—Some say, about you, Deb; some say about the Empress of Russia.—Some say, about the fun. But it was all Latin; so nobody knows much about it. Howsoever, it is certain they are gone out with sword and pistol, and Sir George and the French gentleman are gone to see fair play. What fools gentlemen are now a-days!"

“I dare say it’s about our Debby,” says the aunt; “for how should Mr. Fielding quarrel about a woman as he never see’d, and as lives may be a thousand miles off. Then the fun, that’s comicaler still; how could they quarrel about that?”

“Why,” replied Mr. Fluellen, “one said it was hot, and the other said it was cold, so they fell to calling Latin names, ’till they fell quite out. What fools gentlemen are now a-days!”

“Dear laws!” says Miss Deb; “then it’s only a duel after all.—But nobody’s never killed in them duels, are they, papa?”

“Sometimes, Deb, if God pleases.”

“Oh! dear! that’s true; it’s all as God pleases. I’m sure he’ll grant Mr. Fielding’s life to my prayers, for I never prays in vain. I should be a bad Christian, if I did not speak a word to him for a life; so away went aunt Win to prayer.

C H A P. VI.

MR. FLUELLEN went to the coffee-house for news. The pious Miss Winfred was still speaking to the Lord, when the efficacy of her prayers became manifest in the person of Mr. Fielding himself. He found his lovely Deborah all in tears. He saluted her with infinite tenderness, and inquired the cause of her grief.

“It’s you,” said she.

“Me, my dear Miss Fluellen,” answered Mr. Fielding; “have I been unhappy enough to make you shed tears?”

“Yes,”

“Yes,” she replied, “they said you were gone to fight that outlandish man with great whiskers, and that you would be killed.”

“Oh! no,” Mr. Fielding returned, “I did not mean to be killed. I would not die for a million, whilst you are alive, and so lovely.”

“What did you quarrel about, pray,” asked she? “Some say it was about me.”

“Certainly, my angel,” answered this adorer; “I know nothing here on earth worth quarrelling for, but you.”

“How you jeer,” said the pretty Deborah; “but tell me now, what had that foreign man to say about me?”

“He said,” Mr. Fielding replied, “you were not a compleat beauty.”

“Why, am I?” asked Miss Fluellen.

“In my eyes,” replied the lover.

“But what did he say?”

“That you did not know how to love.”

“What should ail me, I wonder?”

“He says that women know how to love only in Poland.”

“I

“I dare say he’s vastly mistaken.”

“He wanted to carry you thither, to teach you. That was the very thing we differed about. I wanted to carry you to Paris, to teach you myself.”

“Why can’t you teach me here?”

“Not so well. The air is foggy here.—You see it rains almost every day.”

“Gracious! Mr. Fielding, how you talk. If I did not know you was a joker, I should think you were a bit of a noddy; as if people did not love every where, and in all weathers.”

“Really, my dear Miss Fluellen, they do not. The spring of the soul, as philosophers say, has more elasticity under a fine sky.”

“Spring of the soul,” cries Miss Fluellen; then, after a pause of a minute, she burst into a laugh.—“Oh!” says she, “as my papa says, what fools men are now a-days.”

“It seems to me,” answered this humble suitor, “that we are really wiser than our fathers, and know better how to love. What did they do when they fell in love, but marry;
and

and matrimony kills love, as sure as foxes eat geese. We, on the contrary, never marry but for convenience, and this leaves us free to form connexions with the girls of our hearts."

"Mr. Fielding!" says the astonished Miss Fluellen, "do you ever say your prayers, and your catechism?"

"Yes, sure, every day, almost."

"Then you could never be so wicked.—And it's silly too, to talk of matrimony killing love? Does eating kill you, Mr. Fielding?"

"Eating too much kills many people, Miss Fluellen."

"People are'nt forced to eat too much, are they?"

"They are very apt, when they have what they like."

"Goodness!" says Miss Fluellen; "well, we are talking now about—I don't know what. Oh, you want to run away with me, you say, and all for pure love."

"Yes,"

“Yes, my angel—free, pure, unrestrained love.”

“Pray, Mr. Fielding, don’t love die of more diseases than matrimony? Don’t it die of neglect, and cruelty, and scorn? and sometimes of a surfeit? And if it’s so apt to die, it is better, sure, for a woman to join convenience to it, all she can; so I’m for matrimony. If you don’t like of that, why tell me so plainly, and there’s an end.”

“An end of me, certainly, my adorable Miss Fluellen. No—whatsoever you command, I execute. I can have no will but your’s. But I must entreat for one favour; let the ceremony be performed at Paris.”

“With all my heart, if papa likes it, and aunt.”

“Papa and aunt! my dear Miss Fluellen; surely you don’t mean to go formally to work, and let them know. It is enough to stifle love in the cradle.”

“Better it had, if it’s such a sickly brat.—As to papa, he’s your well-wisher; and for aunt, she’s been upon her knees to God for
you

you this hour, to pray for your preservation. However, you'll say I court you by and by. So let's say no more about it."

Miss Fluellen appearing to be really angry, Mr. Fielding changed his mode of attack.—What might have been the success, I know not; but Mr. Fluellen came home, and was overjoyed to see him return in safety.—Miss Winifred, too, stepping down, and casting her eyes upon him, threw them up to Heaven, with a pious thanksgiving for so valuable a life being granted to her prayers.

Mr. Fielding could not help being penetrated with so much goodness. He thanked the good lady for her pious fervour, and hastened away, to laugh, and to contrive.—I conclude this chapter with a sigh, to find that good faith to woman is not an attribute of man; no, is not an attribute of man.

C H A P. VII.

SPA was at this time honoured with the company of two Russian noblemen, not brothers, but of brotherly affections. They travelled together, lodged together, and married together, or, what was equivalent, had prevailed upon two English ladies to do them the honour of bearing their names.

Before this fortunate step, our two Boiards had lavished, scattered, dissipated their money, without measure, and without taste. Now it became concentrated, or, if you will, funded, and formed a bank for the support of
chastity

chastity to come ; for chastity will come upon all woman kind who want it, in time, if time permit. At present, the helpless state of these foreigners touched the benevolent hearts of Mrs. Almon and Mrs. Hammet, and induced them to second the patriotic design of the good Empress of Russia, for improving her young nobility.

It is now well known, that every thing in this world is done and performed by stimule ; and beneficence, of all mortal qualities, is not that which requires the weakest, both to excite and support it. The *partie quarreé* had been at Paris, and had seen such an abundance of spectacles, that gold, a stimulus *sui generis*, and peculiarly adapted to excite the very benevolence, in the praise of which I have been so lavish. Gold, I say, was wanting. It must be owned, also, that those who have seen London and Paris, have seen the world. More is unnecessary. From all which it followed, that it was proper and prudent that the Russes should return homeward ; and that one side, being weary of
love,

love, and the other of benevolence, nothing was wanting to conclude the embarrassment, but an explanation.

Mrs. Almon, the lady of Mr. Shabirideretoff, saw the necessity of this explanation, before they advanced farther to the North, which they were now upon the point to do. But she had infinite delicacy, and tenderness of heart; and not knowing the dreadful effect it might have upon the poor Boiard, she chose to make the explanation to Sir George Paradyne.

Sir George admired Mrs. Almon. She added to beauty an engaging freedom of manners; and without violation of exterior decency, was a stranger to *mau vaise honte*. At the assemblies, Sir George sought her for his partner, and had sometimes pressed her fair hand harder than the dance required.—Of late, too, he had begun to sigh; for there are cases in which men sigh, as easily as women weep; and the lady having once thrown an air of pity into her face, he paid half a dozen rich compliments to her beauty
and

and fine sense, and lamented the loss his country would suffer by her emigration.

“You are very polite,” the lady said, “the loss of an individual——”

“Such an individual as Lady Shabirideretoff,” answered Sir George; “with charms to captivate monarchs, going to bury herself in the cold regions of the North, where love freezes.—Why was it not my lot to have seen you before the happy Mr. Shabirideretoff. Hard should have been the struggle, before I would have lost ——.”

Now this was very tender, and almost pathetic; and being accompanied by the language of the hand and eye, had a proper effect. The lady returned the pressure, accompanied with a sigh; no doubt, involuntary, both. “I own,” says she, “I should be unhappy in my engagement with Mr. Shabirideretoff, were not the duration of it at my own pleasure; for really the man has too frequent fits of the bear, and cannot always remember to lay aside the Lord Paramount, even to ladies.”

“How

“How you charm me, Madam,” Sir George replied; “my own freedom can scarce please me more, than to hear your’s is to be recalled at pleasure.”

What a heavy load upon veracity is politeness.—By means of an English gentleman, who had lately left Spa, Sir George knew very well the nature of the contract between the ladies and the Boiards. It had even gone forth in a whisper. But what is a whisper? The Russes gave genteel entertainments; and *les belles Angloises* presided like divinities. A rigid scrutiny would have been unpolite.

“You seem,” said Mrs. Almon, “to value liberty, Sir George, like an Englishman.”

“Yes,” the gentleman answered; “I bear no chains but those of love; and even those I shall break, if they gall.”

“At least this is novel,” said the lady.—“My Russian talked of loving infinitely, and eternally; so indeed do most Englishmen, when they *begin* to talk upon the subject.—

But

But what, Sir George, you are too young to have felt the galling yoke."

"It is enough," Sir George answered, "to have seen the necks of my neighbours. They have cured me of all passion for slavery, political or hymeneal."

"Really, Sir George," said the lady, "you are an agreeable gentleman.—Only that I am determined against any fresh folly, or a frolic with you might be pleasant enough.—But no; when I bid adieu to Shabirideretoff, I bid adieu to engagements.—I shall soon be at an age when wisdom will be more becoming."

Sir George endeavoured to convince the lady, it was much too soon to be wise; and the lady was convinced, not at once, but after every thing proper for conviction had been said and done.

C H A P. VIII.

MRS. HAMMET, the dearest friend of Mrs. Almon, shared her councils;—and being also weary of the Rufs, from whom no more was to be got; and not seeing that wisdom was at all more necessary for herself than friend, she determined also to share her fortune. Accordingly her *doux yeux* began to be directed to Mr. Fielding, who could not but answer them as a man of gallantry; yet, having now hopes of the compliance of the lovely Miss Fluellen, could not meet her advances with all the ardor so fine a woman had a right to expect.

Two reasons determined him to the preference of Miss Fluellen, provided he could bring matters to bear, his own way. The first, she would cost little. The second, there was more reputation to be obtained by the conquest of a young lady of some fortune and consideration, than by a mere arrangement with one who was not very young, was not a virgin, and who would expect something more from him than love for love. Mrs. Hammet therefore formed his corps de reserve, in case he failed of his intention; and he had some reason to fear it, from the officious interposition of Mr. Lindsay.

This gentleman looked with a sorrowful and anxious eye upon the descending morality of his friend and pupil. He had reason to believe Sir George was the confidant of Mr. Fielding, in his design upon the innocent Miss Fluellen; and he could not but conclude, that a man who could assist in seducing innocence, was not himself far from the arts of seduction.

The family mind of the Fluellens were compounded of honesty, credulity, and ignorance ; and God knows in what condition they would have been restored to Plimlimmon, if Mr. Lindsay had not undertaken their patronage. He had done them many kind offices, and they had sense enough to recognize him as their friend. His only fault with the head of the family was, that he flinched his bottle. With the aunt, he was a personable man enough ; but she was afraid he was not quite orthodox in religion, for he questioned the authenticity of many of this good lady's ghostly tales. Miss Deb thought him monstrous sensible, and prodigious obliging, and had very little difficulty in speaking to him with all the simplicity of heart she possessed.

My fair readers will remember the last conversation between Miss Fluellen and her adorer. Some subsequent ones to the same purport had filled her so full, that she was ready to flow over. One day, being alone with Mr. Lindsay, she said, " I cannot think
now

now why Mr. Fielding can't as well marry me here as at Paris. Can you, Mr. Lindsay?"

"No, Miss Fluellen, I cannot, indeed."

"I wish," says she, "Mr. Fielding was not so obstinate; he's a charming man, if he would but be ruled. Nothing will serve him but I must go with him to Paris to be married, without telling either my father or my aunt."

"That is very odd, Miss Fluellen, is it not?"

"In my mind," she answered, "it's quite foolish. But I can't drive him out of it;—for he says it will be noble, it will make an eclaw; I suppose that's a great noise, is it not? He hates formality."

"I dare say he does, Miss Fluellen; and when you get to Paris, perhaps he may hate the formality of marriage."

"May be so; but I'll not humour him; for what though people do live together that way sometimes, that's no reason I should, if I don't like it?"

“None at all, Miss Fluellen.”

“I’ve a fortune, have not I? Besides aunt would think it such a sin.”

“Should not you think it a sin, Miss Fluellen?”

“I should, before I was acquainted with Mr. Fielding; but he says it’s nothing but nonsense of the parsons. Very genteel people do it every day.”

“Very genteel people do wrong every day, Miss Fluellen; but I do not see why you should imitate them.”

“No, not if I was sure it was wrong.—But is it though; and what makes it?”

“In the first place, Miss Fluellen, the law forbids it.”

“Nay, never tell me that, Mr. Lindsay, when hundreds and hundreds do it, and the law takes no notice of ’em.”

“The scripture forbids it.”

“What part, pray? I’m sure there’s enough of it in the first part.”

“You lose the esteem of all good people.”

“What

“What then? I want nothing of them.”

“I am sorry, Miss Fluellen; you seem to have resolved to oblige Mr. Fielding his own way. My advice can therefore be of no service.”

“You’re mistaken, indeed, Mr. Lindsay. I want advice of all things, for I don’t know what in the world to do. And I’m sure I like nobody’s advice better than your’s; for every body says you are sensible; and you are so kind and gentle. But then you are vastly too rigid. Mr. Fielding says you always preach.”

“I certainly preach, if I do preach, Miss Fluellen, a doctrine very different from Mr. Fielding’s. I tell you that his proposals are with a view to seduce and ruin you; that he does not intend to marry you; and that you are too good, and innocent, and virtuous, not to be miserable in such a way of life.”

“You’re quite mistaken, indeed, Mr. Lindsay, about the marrying part. He’d have me to-morrow, if I insisted. Only he

wants to persuade me off, because we shall have more happiness when we are quite free, and do what we do from pure love, than if we were bound to love one another; for he says love won't be bound. You cant think how pretty his arguments are."

After a very long conversation, Mr. Lindsay found his progress tolerably great; for he brought Miss Fluellen to acknowledge that men might deceive; and that it was just possible Mr. Eielding did not mean every thing he said.

C H A P. IX.

THE next morning Mr. Fielding came earlier than common, to renew his suit, and to take, as usual, the little innocent favours which love, when it is not frightened by sentiment, delights to grant. Miss Fluellen was reserved; I believe I might say sullen, and shewed no disposition to receive his caresses. This was a caprice Mr. Fielding had not before experienced. With all the grace of tragedy, he threw himself at her feet, and entreated her to kill him any way, rather than by scorn.

“I don’t scorn you, Mr. Fielding,” said she; “but I positively won’t go to Paris without being married.”

“Then positively, my dear, answered Fielding, “you won’t go to Paris at all.”—Now Mr. Fielding did not intend to say any thing like this; but it is so hard upon a wit to lose a good thing.”

“So you won’t have me at last?” says Miss Fluellen.

“Certainly, my dear,” returned the gentleman—but—but—but there is no occasion to go to Paris to be married, if we marry before we set out.”

“Oh! I’m glad that’s all,” said the lady; “for Mr. Lindsay says as you don’t mean to marry me at all.”

“Oh! Mr. Lindsay says so—does he?”

“Yes, and you know he is very sensible.”

“Oh! damn’d sensible.—But pray, my dear Miss Fluellen, how came Mr. Lindsay to have the honour of being your confident.”

“Why,” answered the lady, “you would not let me tell my father or my aunt; so I’d
nobody

nobody else to tell. And he's as good and as kind to me as a brother."

"Is he? Then you tell him all your secrets?"

"Yes I do; for he'll not tell again.—However, when people are going to be married, what need it be a secret. Then I had a mind to know his opinion about going to Paris first."

"Well, my lovely Miss Fluellen, you are so charming, so excessively attractive, that I find I can have no will but your's.—So if you like to be married to-morrow, with all my heart."

"I'm in no such hurry, neither," answered the lady.

"But I am, my angel," said the gentleman.—"I cannot live without the full possession of those dear bewitching beauties."

A vast deal more Mr. Fielding said to the same agreeable purposes, with suitable accompaniments. In short, he saw, that all the fruit of all the pains, the unwearied pains he had hitherto taken, was in danger of being

lost; unless he could carry her by a coup de main; and this was the instant of attack.—It was an early hour. Mr. Fluellen had not yet risen. Miss Winifred had not finished her matins. It was an hour before the usual time of assembling to breakfast. Good Heavens! what vast events have not an hour produced.—What might have been the event of the contest between practised art, and almost willing simplicity, I can only conjecture; had the guardian genius, who presides over chastity, been asleep, or engaged among the maids of honour. Luckily he was upon duty, and in a proper moment, walks into the room in the shape of Mr. Lindsay.

There was a little disorder in the appearance of Miss Fluellen, which called forth a blush. Mr. Fielding blushed too, but it was not the blush of shame. Gentlemen, arrived at a certain degree of politesse, are superior to that unbecoming sensation. It was the blush of anger.

“Sir,”

“Sir,” says he to Mr. Lindsay, “I have obligations to you here, which, in a proper place, I shall be glad to acknowledge.”

“I am always at your service,” was Mr. Lindsay’s answer. Mr. Fielding, taking his hat and cane, walked indignantly away.

“What does he mean, Mr. Lindsay?” the young lady asked; “he is not angry, is he?”

“Apparently he is, Miss Fluellen.”

“How can gentlemen change so soon;—he was in the sweetest humour in the world, just before you came in.”

“Very likely.—Had you any conversation with him about the subject we were upon yesterday?”

“Yes, I told him all about it; and how you advised me not to go to Paris with him ’till we were married; and he said it was all very well; that he had no will but mine; if I pleased, he would be married to-morrow.”

“Did you please?”

No.—I told him I was not in such a hurry? and so he began romping, and then we said no more about it.”

“Is it right to permit him to romp with you, Miss Fluellen?”

“Why, it’s innocent, is not it? With a man that is to be my husband? and then it passes time away.”

“Gentlemen, after marriage, are apt to reflect upon those wives, with whom they have had much innocent pastime before.”

“What for, pray? It’s they that begin.”

Mr. Lindsay, not caring to continue a conversation which could only enlighten the lady at the expence of her simplicity, remembered he was to meet a gentleman at the Poughon spring, and took his leave.

Let us now attend a little to the actions of men, and see how they are influenced by what we call sentiment, or maxim, or precept. Mr. Lindsay thought duelling a most anti-christian, anti-reasonable business, and would have maintained it to be so, argumentatively, before all the lords and all the commons,

commons, if he had been called upon. Yet he no sooner received a call in the gentleman-like manner of Mr. Fielding, than he was instantly disposed to obedience. Nay, so much was he, in an instant, improved in the science of *good manners*, that he thought it incumbent upon him to go directly to Mr. Fielding's lodging, to offer immediate attendance. As he did not find him there, he returned to his own apartments, to meditate upon the dangers of frail virginity; upon the nature of vice and virtue—and upon the properties of gunpowder.

Sir George had that morning attended Mrs. Almon to the Geronstore; when he returned, Mr. Lindsay went into his apartment, and with no small solemnity of countenance, requested an hour's audience.

“To indulge me with the humours of a splenetic morality,” said Sir George—“I know well the nature of these preludes.—Well, come; I believe I have not had a lecture this three long days. I am in danger
of

of forgetting the aphorisms of the seven wise masters of Greece."

"I have done," answered Mr. Lindsay.—
"If you have any commands for England," continued he, with a tremulous voice.

"Pshaw—prithee Lindsay—come, let me know what it is that draws down upon me thy virtuous indignation.—" What! I have exchanged Tacitus for woman.—" Prithee, Lindsay, what has the charming sex done, that it is excluded thy system of pleasure?"

"I cannot trifle now, Sir George," said Mr. Lindsay.

"Well, then be serious," Sir George replied.

"To be serious, then," answered Mr. Lindsay; "you are no longer that Sir George Paradyne I loved and honoured."

"Good!" says Sir George, "this is to the point."

"I have no time for flattery," replied Lindsay; "and no taste. You are running into immorality and vice; no man need to go faster. Illicit love you laugh at. Who more
more

more detested ebriety and gaming? Who now drinks, and games with more spirit than Sir George Paradyne? That I am going to offend you, I know; but I know also, that if you again become the man I can look up to with superior esteem, you will forgive me. If not, I must submit to a misfortune, perhaps the severest of my unfortunate life."

The entrance of Mr. Fielding prevented Sir George's reply. With a look of angry contempt, he told Mr. Lindsay he was happy to see him.

"In order to accelerate your felicity," Mr. Lindsay replied, "I just now called at your lodgings. I now attend your commands."

"I shall request the favour of your company, Sir, an hour's ride, just out of the Bishop of Liege's territories," said Mr. Fielding.

"Sir," answered Mr. Lindsay, "I am at your service."

"Upon my word, gentleman," said Sir George, "a mighty polite and agreeable tone this; and on the part of Lindsay, quite unexpected."

expected. May I do myself the honour to inquire what has given occasion to this excess of civility?"

"Why," answered Fielding, "this Don Quixote of chastity has thought proper to interfere in my concerns with Miss Fluellen. I consider this as ungenteel, and wish to teach the gentleman better manners."

"In gratitude to my preceptor," replied Lindsay, "I hope I may be able to teach him better morals."

"Allons, done," says Fielding.

"There is so little inimical rancour, gentlemen, in this quarrel of your's," said Sir George, "that you must give me leave to try if I cannot make you friends."

"I bear the gentleman no extraordinary degree of ill will," said Fielding.—"All I desire of him, is not to meddle in my concerns."

"This is but reasonable," said Sir George.

"If," answered Lindsay, "Mr. Fielding calls it meddling with his concerns, the giving
ing

ing my opinion and advice to Miss Fluellen when she asks it, I assure him frankly I shall not have that degree of complaisance."

"You hear, Sir George," said Fielding. The virtuous gentleman will put himself in my way. I must, if I can, put him out of it. If you can suggest a better mode than a bullet, do."

"You hear, Lindsay," said Sir George; I hope you will oblige Mr. Fielding."

"Mr. Fielding," said Lindsay, "has, without a blush, declared himself the premeditated seducer of Miss Fluellen; I hope I need not blush to declare that I will defeat him, if I can."

"Damn your moral cant," said Fielding; "if you once begin to preach, we shall never conclude. I am for the shortest way."

"I think, Lindsay," said Sir George, "considering Mr. Fielding as my friend, you might put off a little of this stern virtue."

"My virtue," such as it is, is my warmest, perhaps my only cordial. I will not put it off on any consideration," said Lindsay, "no, not for you, Sir George; not if you yourself
were

were the principal in this very honourable business, instead of the auxiliary, which, to my eternal regret, I find you are."

Sir George was rather struck with this, and not answering, Lindsay went on.

"The love of Miss Fluellen to Mr. Fielding is great, and full of confidence. She is herself perfectly unsuspecting and unguarded. To deceive her, I must take the liberty to say it, is perfidy of the blackest dye. Nor can I conceive any thing more cruel, than to bring designedly upon any human being, the keen remorse, the insupportable anguish, which I know will be the portion of this young lady, when she becomes enlightened upon the subject of her ruin."

"And so, Sir," says Mr. Fielding, "having taken upon yourself to be Sir George's tutor, you are willing to extend your gracious liberality to all his friends. But I beg, good Sir, you will not take this trouble on my account. Suffer me to go to the devil my own way. Oblige me so far, good Mr. Lindsay."

"Most willingly, Sir," Mr. Lindsay answered; "I only object to taking Miss Fluellen

Fluellen with you. But this is idle play.— Mr. Fielding will go on his way ; I in mine. If he chuses to call me out on this very honourable business, I am ready. My life is of little value. I have often been weary of it ; nor do I at present know why I should cherish it with any extraordinary care.”

“ That is for me,” said Sir George.—

“ Lindsay, in his rage for virtue, spares nor friend nor foe. But a word with you, Fielding.”

When they were in the next apartment, Sir George began by saying, “ that although he had had the complaisance to fall in with his views upon Miss Fluellen, he must not suppose he would carry it to such a serious length as to put the life of his friend to the risk ; a man of firm honour and integrity ;— that the business with the young lady was bad enough of itself, and would by no means bear inspection ; but if it were to be further loaded with actions, which honour could not justify, he must beg leave to leave the pursuit of them entirely to himself.

Mr.

Mr. Fielding, who was indeed much disposed to mirth, laughed out right.

“Actions which honour will not justify,” cries he, “and honour justifies them every day? Faith, it seems, to be her principal business.”

“Just now, dear Fielding,” said Sir George, “I could wish to be serious.”

“And I hate thee damnably, in this moral humour,” returned the other.—“Whatever I may give up to friendship, I fancy I shall never be preached out of a penny or a purpose.”

“Unless I preach women,” said Sir George.—“Well, give it up to my friendship and Mrs. Hammet’s.”

What more Sir George said concerning Mrs. Hammet, is not come to my knowledge. Perhaps it may be guessed at by consequences. More probably, it is not worth a conjecture.

C H A P. X.

SIR GEORGE took such incessant care to be engaged, that for several successive days Mr. Lindsay had not once an opportunity to see him. At length he heard that the two Boiards had left the Spa with their ladies, and that Sir George and Mr. Fielding had the complaisance to attend them as far as Liege. Two days he waited, not indeed very patiently, their return; the third morning arose with a rumour, that two English Milords had stolen the wives of two foreign noblemen, and carried them to France. If Mr. Lindsay could have doubted either the
report

report or the identity of the two Milords Angloises, he was certified of both very soon, by the appearance of a servant of Mr. Fielding's, sent to conduct the gentlemen's baggage to Paris, who brought him the following letter :

“ *Dear Lindsay,*

“ It is not to be expected that a young fellow, flying to Paris on the wings of love and folly, should stop in the midst of his flight to rehearse his compunctions and his remorse ; yet it is certain, Lindsay, that when I do turn my eyes upon myself, which, by the bye, is as seldom as possible, I am not very well pleased at the sight of so much fool.

“ Every wise judge, however, before he condemns, will take into consideration the quantity and quality of the temptation.— Strong temptations require strong powers of resistance. When the head and the heart join their forces honestly, conquest is sure.— But alas ! what is a head, when the heart is in opposition ? What, but a mere automaton,

ton, with speaking eyes and tongue, all whose springs are put in motion by the heart.

“I know not whether you will admit this apology, or any apology, without repentance; and I have not had time to weave the penitential web, but of so slight a contexture, that it dissolves with a smile.

“Will you come to Paris, Lindsay?”

“No, Sir George, not to see the man I once loved, lost to honour and to himself.”—This is your language—I know it well; it’s general fault is too great energy. I allow I am floating upon the great sea of folly, not sunk.

“I presume, if you chuse not to come to Paris, my letter will find you at your old lodgings in Bloomsbury, whither I will write, if I am not absolutely *drowned* at Paris, and inform you where you may address your admonitions, which will be always welcome to your sincere, but foolish friend,

“G. PARADYNE.”

The

The letter contained a two hundred pound bank note, and a postscript, requesting Mr. Lindsay to discharge his and Fielding's debts, and carry the remainder to the account of friendship.

There are minds, though not so thick upon the earth as the stars in Heaven, which sicken at pecuniary obligation, when the reciprocal sentiment which makes it easy, and perhaps delightful, is expiring. Such was Lindsay's. A double necessity obliged him now to submit. He had scarcely cash enough to carry him to England; or if he had, did he know yet whence to transmit to Sir George.

It might have been expected, that with whatsoever philosophy our Russians had been endued, such a loss, and such an insult, ought to have overthrown it. In the nature of human things, blood and death ought to have followed. Whether it was owing to the mild temper of Christianity, for Russians are Christians, some of them, or to some other cause, it is certain our Boiards did not lose
their

their tranquillity. Instead of a revengeful pursuit, they visited the grand cathedral at Liege with quiet curiosity, and with pious, perhaps grateful, hearts.

C H A P. XI.

LET us now call in at Mr. Fluellen's.—When the young lady could be brought to believe the report of her own desertion, she behaved with great dignity of spirit; she cried indeed, but she scolded also. As to the aunt, she received the account with great composure; for she had been warned by three successive dreams, and three cups of

VOL. III E coffee

coffee had shewn her the fatality which hung over her niece.

'Squire Fluellen had much greater evils to complain of, than the loss of a son-in-law.—He was now confined to his room; his stomach refused to concoct the little aliment he gave it; wine was no longer a cordial; the powers of brandy were feeble. In such a case, man thinks only of himself.

Mr. Lindsay had now nothing to prevent his immediate return to England but his humanity. He saw Fluellen would die, and knew the consequent distress of two such females. When he mentioned his departure, the old gentleman wrung his hands, and said, "if you leave us, the papishes will have our teeth out of our heads. The aunt took him aside to inform him she was sure they would be all lost; they should never get back into Wales. Last night, in her first sleep, she saw three coffins as plain—as plain, Mr. Lindsay, as I see you now."

Miss Deborah was still a more powerful pleader. It was true, she could not forget

what a sweet man Mr. Fielding was, if he would but be ruled; but next to Mr. Fielding, she loved Mr. Lindsay. She told him so.—“If you will stay,” says she, “and conduct us home—Now do.”—And she gave him a kiss.

Frown not, dear ladies; it was the kiss of simplicity. A sister might have given it.—But it *was* a kiss. It came from lovely lips. It tasted of the sweetness of innocence. Who could have resisted it?

Not Mr. Lindsay; for Mr. Lindsay was a man.

In short, Mr. Fluellen died within the month. Almost the last words he spoke were, to request they would carry his bones to Plimlimmon; for he was sure he could never rest in foreign countries.

When they were all together on the English coast, Mr. Lindsay supposed, that, by the help of their two Welch servants, they might have explored their way to Llanguilly. But to Miss Deb, it appeared she could not be safe under any protection but Mr. Lind-

say's; and as man is never better pleased than when he is exercising humanity, or any other species of loving-kindness to a young and beautiful woman, he consented to her entreaties, and in six days lodged them all safe in the tombs of their ancestors; that for the living being an ancient mansion, seated in a dell, once surrounded by a moat, and guarded by a draw-bridge.

To a man of Mr. Lindsay's reflective turn of mind, this wild country had extraordinary beauties. He destined a whole week to their enjoyment. This week passed, another, and another; for he could not resist the entreaties of the ladies; one of whom combated his resolutions of departure with omens;—the other with tears. These tears were very engaging; and the frank simplicity of Miss Fluellen, contrasted with the artificial manners of the polished world, was very engaging also. Sometimes Mr. Lindsay thought he perceived that Miss Fluellen, so gentle, so docile, and so pretty, was the sort of woman that must make him happy, if any woman
could

could make him happy. In other moments he perceived that he could not be happy with ignorance ; and especially with a woman in love with another man. These varying moments were becoming the plague of Mr. Lindsay's life, as they are of most other people's ; so, after thanking Miss Fluellen for her kind treatment, he announced his departure on the morrow, in a more determined tone.

“ If you will go, you will,” says Miss Fluellen, poutingly, “ I cannot help it.”

“ I hope,” said Mr. Lindsay, “ you are not angry.”

“ I assure you,” answered she, “ I am not pleased.”

“ There is kindness even in your displeasure. But is there any wisdom, my dear Miss Fluellen, in putting off, from day to day, that which ought to have been done before ?”

“ If a man's not contented, that's another thing ; or else I don't know what you have to do so much in London. If you wanted

only to write books, you might write them here."

"Live upon you, Miss Fluellen."

"If I say welcome, what need you mind?"

"Do you think it possible I could live in the same house with so much goodness and sweetness, without wishing to make it my own?"

"May be, it is but ask and have?"

"Can you so soon have forgot Mr. Fielding?"

"No; I cry myself to sleep about him every night.—What then? I can't have him, you know."

"And would you marry one man, with a prepossession in favour of another?"

"What harm would thinking of another do, if I did my duty to my husband?"

"A part of that duty is to love your husband, Miss Fluellen."

"To be sure—you need not tell me that."

"Could you love two?"

"Yes,

“ Yes, sure—I loved you at Spa ; you was so good and kind. For some things, I liked you better than Mr. Fielding. However, don’t think I court you. If you don’t like me well enough, you don’t ; I know that I’m not a fit wife for such a scholar. Perhaps you might despise me ; and I should not like that. So things may be better as they are.”

Mr. Lindfay was going to return an obliging answer to this, but was interrupted by Miss Winifred, who assured him, that if he did go, worse would come of it.—“ I know you laugh at me, Mr. Lindfay ; and to be sure that’s the only wicked thing you do. However, things that I have foretold have come true a thousand times, and won’t be less true because you won’t believe them. I never knew our Phillis howl three times about midnight, without some misfortune either to me or my friends ; and she did so last night. The black raven has not had such a hoarse croak ever since we came back, and sure I had the oddest dream. Where

do you think I dreamed your head was, Mr. Lindsay? Our goat, Glandy, had run away with it into Llanguilly church-yard, and stuck it upon a cypress tree."

The good aunt's dreams, added to the too—too great simplicity of the niece, were a full balance to the beauty and innocence of the latter, aided by all the wild ruralities of Plimlimmon. So Mr. Lindsay, always answering both the ladies with great politeness, had still the resolution to adhere to his ill-omened purpose; and arriving at his old lodgings in Bloomsbury without accident, found there the following letter from Sir George Paradyne:

"Dear Lindsay,

"If you have still friendship sufficient to rejoice at any evil that befalls me, I send you joy. All mortifications, which happen in consequence of good advice neglected, are pleasures to the givers of good advice; so I will give you pleasure.

"When, according to our most skilful arrangements, we had got our ladies into our
respective

respective chaises, we thundered away, as if the devil had been at our heels. I have since had reason to believe our rapidity was unnecessary; the Boiards seeming never to have entertained the barbarous thought of taking away our lives, or our ladies.

“ At. St. Quintin, a chaise entered the inn yard, just as ours were ready to go out. I believe our drivers only stopped for their parting dram. In this minute of delay two ladies alighted from the new come chaise. Two ladies ! the most unexpected—and, at this instant, the most unwelcome—Miss Colerain and Miss Carlill.

“ Now, Mr. Lindsay, you are a man of science, sagacity, penetration ; will you be so good to tell me what sort of feelings I must have had at this instant—this precious instant—when our drivers cracked their whips, and rattled away as fast as eight horses with thirty-two legs could go.

“ As to myself, I do not remember that I was conscious of any sensations whatever. Very much to the amusement of Mrs.

Almon—the name of my sinister divinity, Lindsay—I was dumb, deaf, and blind, to the end of the post.

“ Miss Colerain ! Miss Colerain ! Oh ! Her esteem of me must be prodigiously increased by her knowledge of this brilliant exploit of mine. The hearing of it is unavoidable ; for, with the vanity of two young coxcombs, we had given it all possible celerity.

“ Lindsay, if thou wantest illustration of that moral maxim, which thou hast endeavoured to obtrude upon me in a thousand shapes—that deviations from rectitude, *one way or other*, bring with them, or after them, a much greater quantum of pain than pleasure, write my history of a year and half. As far as concerns myself, I will swear to the truth of it.

“ Now, Lindsay, what is to be done ? I have you in my head ; I have Miss Colerain in my heart ; and in my *salle à manger*, and in my box at the opera, I have Mrs. Almon.

“ But why was Miss Colerain at St. Quentin ? Where was she going ? Whence did

did she come?—And what is all this to me? For if I have any knowledge in woman—she will think no more.

“Of that foolish fellow,

“Thy friend—that was,

“GEORGE PARADYNE.”

C H A P. XII.

THE answer which Mr. Lindsay returned to this, and some others which followed, I intend to publish, when I publish the two volumes of sermons which I design to extract from the graver part of this true history, for the benefit of that part of my fair readers, who, having happily got rid of the

tumults of love and beauty, have settled to cards and devotion. They were very good, no doubt. Sir George thought them so.—They did not fail to produce conviction—and even repentance—for an hour. But they failed in point of entertainment; and were not so happily calculated to fix the attention of a gay young man, as the smiles, the loves, the graces, and other manufactures of Paris.

But in spite of Paris, and all things in it, Sir George had his hours of reflection. He had many things yet to unlearn before his present course of education could be complete. Above all, he had to learn the noble art of suspending the action of the mind; of preventing it from obtruding its faucy remonstrances.

Qui non proficit, deficit.—All preceptors, all reviewers say so; from whence we may conclude, there is not a single foot of ground in all this habitable globe, which a man can stand still upon. Sir George did not break this poetic axiom. If he did not advance with the rapidity of his friend Fielding, he
acquired

acquired such a kind of reputation amongst the academicians of the ton, and amongst the bons vivans, as not to disgrace his country.

I fancy he must have been near the summit of his attainments, when, in a letter to Mr. Lindsay, he could speak so gaily of the accident mentioned in it.

Sir George Paradyne to Mr. Lindsay.

“ I am ready to grant, dear Lindsay, that your ideas have a good moral appearance ; but it must be owned at the same time, they are rather ancient ; not very commodious, here, and rather injurious to my dear Mrs. Almon, who condescends to govern me, rather more to my taste at present. I swear, Lindsay, I hope and believe there will come a time when this will be my taste no longer and when you will be able to congratulate my return to England, virtue, and roast beef ; for I must confess, when I ruminatè, chew the cud, I mean of my present pleasures, I find the taste sour or bitter. I have had another monitor too—I believe I should say,

say, a monitrefs. I met her in the Thuilleries, in the person of Miss Colerain. At sight of me she started like a guilty thing, and left the walks with the speed of a bird. Well, may her conscience reproach her, when she sees what an evil course of life she has brought me to; for my dear Mrs. Almon was hanging upon my arm, and all Paris knows our loves are not sanctioned by divine ordinances.

“ I must own the rencontre did not fill me full of a pure and lasting joy; but Paris is the emporium of pleasure; and the demon of gloom cannot live in it to his own satisfaction. I forgot Miss Colerain as soon as I was able.

“ After all, under favour of your philosophy, what can a man—a young man—do better than learn his Horace, and put his learning to profit? *Dissipere in loco*, you know, is his favourite maxim.—“ *In loco*, Sir George Paradyne, I grant,” says my preceptor. Thank you, dear old gentleman, for this kind sanction; and if there is a fitter place

place under the moon than Paris—all Paris is mistaken.

“ Yet at times—at times—an English bosom may get ennui in it, or even worse.— Yes, Lindsay, there is an acid in sugar, and chemists are not the only people who can extract it.

“ Your friend,

“ GEORGE PARADYNE.”

CHAP. XIII.

IT was now midwinter, fine, clear, and frosty, when the pleasures of Paris are at their height.—One, quite new, awaited Sir George. Monsieur Freduel, a celebrated jeweller, called upon him one morning, to request

request the payment of 22,000 livres. It was for a sprig which Mrs. Almon had seen, the most beautiful indeed she ever *had* seen. If she could have afforded such a purchase, it would have gratified her excessively. But she must not think of it. She had, indeed, too many proofs of Sir George's generosity, to doubt his indulgence, were she to request it; but Sir George should never be importuned for unnecessary expences on her account. His interest could not be dearer to her were she Lady Paradyne. Sentiments so generous, claimed—the sprig.

Were it as easy to pay as to order, how would this world abound with queens of diamonds.

Hitherto Sir George had imitated his father's economy, in paying for every thing when purchased; so that he had never before been asked. It threw him into a little embarrassment. Cash began to run scarce;—but so far was Sir George from the unblushing effrontery of saying, for the hundredth time,

time, call again next week, that he could not say it once.

Mr. Freduel, a very polite man, saw the rising blush, and guessed the cause.—Before Sir George could find his answer, he begged ten thousand pardons ; he was the last man in the world to put a gentleman to inconvenience. The price indeed was a ready money price ; the profit the lowest imaginable ; but to accommodate a gentleman, was infinitely superior to all the profit in the world.

Sir George at length found words to assure Mr. Freduel he should not be long a sufferer by his politeness. Mr. Freduel replied, “ he should suffer infinitely, if he understood Sir George to have been incommoded by his importunity. So with many bows, he departed.

Un Milford Angloise, is always a respectable personage ; but the more or the less of the Argent, it must be owned, does make a difference of character in France. “ It was pity,” Monsieur Freduel said to a few intimate friends, “ Le Chevalier Paradyne, *un gentil*

gentil homme partout—It was pity he should not be rich *comme le diable*.”

Every thing is talked of at Paris. When it came to be rumoured that Sir George Paradyne was not as rich as the devil, he found that his paternal economy had not been sufficiently extensive. *Messieurs les marchands des modes, les parfumeurs, et les autres*, on the part of Madame, humbly presented him with accounts amounting to about 16,000 French pounds more.

Do not be alarmed, dear ladies. The French pound, which formerly held up its head as high as the proud pound English, is now not worth a shilling; so that Mrs. Almon's *unknown* favours, even adding the sprig, do not yet amount to 2000l. No man that knows life, can possibly think it extravagant.

Sir George, however, did not know life. But for a small matter of drops to upbraid a lady who had shewn such liberal sentiments, and had given him her dear self, was what he could not do. He only complained to Mr. Fielding,

Fielding, who laughed, that such a bagatelle should give him a moment's perturbation.

"But," says Sir George, "you know I have lost at play, and my menage here is actually higher than my revenue. My money is all drawn out of the funds, and I have drained my banker."

"What hast thou to do," says Fielding, "but write to thy steward, *en maitre*. Raise me 10,000*l.* in three days, and transmit it to Saffureau in Paris. Or carry my plate to Hoare's, and bid him send me 1000*l.* immediately. Art thou not at age?"

"Not at the age of effrontery," said Sir George, gravely.

"*Tant pis*—so much the worse," said Fielding.

C H A P. XIV.

A FIT of the spleen is almost as good as a rainy day, for making a man think of his prayers, and other finall duties. So he sat down to write a few letters to England, to Lady Mary; to Mrs. Birimport; to Lindsay, and his steward. The two last were far the most difficult; for to Lindsay he was to confess his errors, and to Mr. Cartwright his follies; especially the folly of being in debt, with a princely fortune. Then, for the first time since his arrival at Paris, he sat himself down—to think.

The

The question was, what should he do to get rid of his present disagreeable situation? Some vigorous steps were necessary. But how to take them? He had promised Mrs. Almon to stay the winter at Paris. Mrs. Almon! She entered his imagination in the usual alluring colours of voluptuousness;—but these colours were faded. Miss Colerain entered also, all in white. The question of ways and means was lost.

This day Sir George would not dine.—His party was for the Italian theatre. It was clear frost. He chose solitude and the Thuilleries. There, with folded arms, avoiding the frequented walks, he mused 'till the approach of evening. With eyes fixed upon the earth, he met two ladies, whom he would have passed unnoticed, but for a kind of half suppressed exclamation which reached his ear. He looked.—The ladies were moving on. Sir George, rooted for a minute to the spot, at length turned his steps after them.

“ Will

“Will not the gentle Miss Colerain,” said he, “deign to speak to a man once esteemed worthy of friendship?”

“I hope Sir George Paradyne is well?” said Miss Colerain.

“Ah! Miss Colerain!” said Sir George, “these are the cold and freezing words of common politeness.”

“What more,” Miss Colerain asked, “does Sir George Paradyne expect of me?”

“Nothing,” Sir George answered; “I feel myself unworthy. I dare advance no claim, except the claim of penitence.”

“Penitence!” said Miss Colerain, with emphasis.

“Yes—penitence,” replied Sir George;—“can you doubt it?”

Oh! yes,” said she; “certainly one may doubt it.”

“Will you,” asked Sir George—“will you permit me to prove it? Will you permit me to shew you the truest, fondest heart?”

“Shew it to Mrs. Almon,” answered the lady.—“I have done with hearts.”

They

They were just at one entrance of the Thuilleries. A footman stood with the door of a *fiacre* open. The ladies threw themselves in.

"Miss Carlill, too," said Sir George, "is your bosom marble?"

"I pity thee," said she. The *fiacre* drove on."

Sir George looked, and sent after it many a sigh, without once thinking of watching where it went. Alas! I shall present my 20,000 fair readers with nothing but a cold collation. The man has no taste for adventure. No. He returned back into the gardens.

C H A P. XV.

TO indulge in the luxury of reflection, he chose the least frequented walk. After two or three turns, he heard some footsteps behind him.—“*Plut à dieu,*” says a voice with emphasis—“*plut à dieu.*”—Would to God the cry of nations.

“Hush,” Marquis,” answered another, “you seem to have forgot our admirable system of Espionage. Some of these trees, piously as they rear their heads to the skies, may be in the pay of government. You may be in the Bastile to-morrow, for your *plut à dieus*; and I for hearing them.”

“Monfieur

“Monsieur le Comte,” says the other, “if they Bastile me, I will make the very walls blush for their part of the conspiracy against the liberties of mankind.”

“Marquis,” says the Count, “here is one before us.” They passed Sir George, and went on.

“By his thoughtful air,” said the Count, “I should take that gentleman to be English.”

“You are right,” answered the Marquis; “it is the Chevalier Paradyne, a young man of honour and talents, which at present he employs in love and *bagatelle*.”

“Happy country!” said the Count, “where good government is sufficiently advanced to permit their first characters to trifle.”

“Happy France!” replied the Marquis, “if we judge by the quantity of trifling.—What say you to an English conversation, Count; I have acquaintance with the Chevalier sufficient to introduce you?”

VOL. III.

“Monsieur



“Monsieur le Chevalier Paradyne,” said the Marquis de la Fayette, turning back, “I am happy to meet you. Give me leave to introduce to you, Monsieur le Comte de Lally Tohlendel, who has so nobly restored his unfortunate father’s name, and raised his own.”

Sir George answered with great civility, —for an Englishman.

“It gives me pleasure,” said the Marquis, “when an English gentleman honours our walks with thinking in them. Since, as your first philosopher says, re-action is equal to action, I hope, one day, these shades may be taught to inspire their own countrymen with thought.”

Sir George answered, “he was afraid he had more honour done him by the compliment, than he deserved. It was probable the Noble Marquis might conceive him engaged in some physical or political research, when in truth, he was only thinking of a very insignificant individual—himself.”

“The

“The proper study of mankind is man,” said the Count—“his rights, his wrongs.”

“Yes,” Sir George replied, “above all, his follies.”

“The greatest of which,” said the Marquis, “is the submitting to have his liberty, his property, perhaps his life taken from him, by a man—no bigger than himself. It seems as if in some countries, the ultimate end of government was oppression.”

“In France,” said the Count, “it is the *maladie du pays*, and I see small hopes of a cure, while it is supported by one hundred and fifty thousand men in arms. No—said he, sighing—these are not fit times for remedies.”

“Comment,” replied the Marquis—“when is the proper time for remedies, if it is not the time of sickness? and who knows—who knows—my dear Count—but what you call the instrument of oppression, may be now ready to assume the protection of liberty and equal rights?”

“This is rather doubtful,” said the Count, shrugging his shoulders. “But suppose it so, Marquis; the men of money, who now lead the world, who call themselves the grand supporters of states—ruin, ruin, would be their cry, and all their endeavours would be to produce it.”

“Perish,” said the Marquis, indignantly, “the whole race of financiering statesmen. Perish the race of lenders, who give to Kings the power of injuring the human race with facility. Perish the little delegates of authority, who snatch the bread of life out of the hands which raise it; who dig up the seeds of industry before they can germinate.”

“But the remedies, my dear Marquis,” said the Count.

“Cathartics, Count,” answered the Marquis, “purge—purge well—if that will not do—bleed a little.”

“For cathartics,” said the Count, as much as you will; but for the lancet—but you are *un homme de guerre*.”

“What,

“What matter, replied the Marquis, “if a generation of slaves die, to obtain the equal rights of a thousand generations to come.”

“Your nation, Chevalier,” said the Count, stands the foremost upon the globe, for liberty and good government. What, according to you, are the essential principles?”

“I believe,” Sir George answered, “the grand secret lies in making our own laws, and granting our own money. You impose this trouble on your monarch. I advise you to take that fatiguing part of his business off his hands. Not that we do not make bad laws sometimes, and give money for foolish purposes; but however, we may cut our fingers, we take care of our throats.”

“I presume,” said the Marquis, “it is not the mere power of making laws, but the actual making of good ones, to which we must attribute your happy state.”

“We have some,” Sir George replied, which we think excellent. It is true, we are obliged for them to our forefathers. At

present, the art seems declining amongst us. Indeed our practice is now principally confined to game laws, and laws of excise."

"You have some," said the Count, "which you consider as more peculiarly adapted to the preservation of your rights?"

"We have," answered Sir George, "our Magna Charta, and our Bill of Rights.—We have an Habeas Corpus Act, which we think better than your Lettres de Cachet.—We prefer, too, our trial by jury, to yours by judges, who buy their offices; our open law processes, criminal and civil, to your secret requisitions; in particular, we chuse that no man shall be obliged to accuse himself; consequently, have no use for that ingenious piece of mechanism, the rack."

"Damned to everlasting ignominy, be the memory of the contrivers," said the Marquis.—"It is with a light heart, Chevalier, you speak of abuses which fill mine with anguish."

"Say only it is with a light speech, Monsieur le Marquis," said Sir George; "I hope there is no Englishman, I am sure no generous

rous Englishman, who would not rejoice to hear so brave and liberal a nation had shook off the yoke of despotism. But is it that we are changing national characters in this conversation? It has been usual to suppose the English a people who bore misfortune with passion or with gloom; the French with *gaieté de cœur*. We storm and swear; you sing and dance. Upon my honour, I have thought the advantage on your side."

"Don't envy us, Chevalier," said the Count; "it is imposed upon us by a physical necessity. Were we to think, we should go mad."

The Count had a select party to sup with him that night. He cordially invited Sir George. It consisted of patriots, whose names have been since famous. Never before had Sir George heard the science of government so freely canvassed; the rights of men so deeply appreciated. There were ladies too, who prevented the conversation becoming too grave, by a thousand sprightly fallies. Sir George had never spent so agreeable an evening.

CHAP. XVI.

THE society, which had pleased Sir George so much the preceding night, made him blush in the morning. He made comparisons betwixt his old friends and his new; betwixt his new friends and himself. But comparisons are odious. He was obliged to confess that such names as Baillè, Fayette, and Mirabeau, would probably interest posterity; whilst his own—Oh! his own, perhaps might endure a month, in the annals of frivolity.

In this humour, Sir George attended the breakfast table of Mrs. Almon. She talked to him of the opera, the court, and the gallantries of yesterday. The chattering of a magpye would at this moment have been as agreeable to Sir George. She expatiated largely upon the merits of the young Monsieur Groignard, son to the great *Fermiere Generale*.

Sir George silently gave all *Fermiers Generales* to the devil.

“So rich,” says Mrs. Almon, “he knows no end to his wealth.”

“He may get over that inconvenience soon enough,” says Sir George.

“He gives Mademoiselle de Parc, of the Italian theatre, one thousand Louis a month,” says Mrs. Almon.—“Would you believe it?”

“It is difficult, no doubt,” Sir George replied; “but I have great faith, when the folly of mankind is in question.”

“And so, Sir,” says Mrs. Almon, rather offended, “you call generosity, folly.”

“That generosity, I do certainly,” said Sir George.

“That kind of generosity, I suppose you mean,” returned Mrs. Almon; “but don’t mind. You’re not likely to be hurt by the imitation.”

“You, Madam, I presume,” says Sir George, “think I am not yet fool enough.”

“I don’t imagine you have much to reproach yourself with, on the side of generosity,” replies Mrs. Almon.”

“Oh! that,” says Sir George, “can never equal Mrs. Almon’s—merit; what generosity can?”

“What humour are you in, Sir George?” asked the lady.

“The humour to be wise,” answered he, “Heaven continue it. But as there are no probabilities of this in Paris, I intend in a few days to bid it adieu.”

“You are master of your own actions, my Lord,” says Mrs. Almon.”

“Yes—thank Heaven, my lady,” replied Sir George.

Mrs.

Mrs. Almon burst into tears.

Sir George had not time to consider this phenomenon, before Mrs. Hammet came in, hanging upon the arm of Mr. Fielding.

“How is this,” said the latter, “I am astonished.

“What! at the prodigy of a lady’s tears,” said Sir George. “We have only been saying a few civil things to each other. My generosity is not to her taste. So, to avoid offence, I am for England.”

“To erect an altar to wisdom,” said Mrs. Almon.

“Let it be a temple, Paradyne,” said Fielding, “and make me high priest.”

“Thy pontificalia,” replied Sir George, “the cap and bells.”

“So,” returned Fielding, “shall the priest be worthy of the temple.”

“A pretty entertainment this,” said Mrs. Hammet, “and quite new. But do you know that Count Garand has broke his arrangement with the Duchefs of Nampound; and that the Duke resents for his lady, with

so much vivacity, that it is decided at Madam Paulet's *coteri  *, the affair must terminate by the small sword."

"Excellent," said Mr. Fielding; in England, we put to the sword the friends who will—not those who will not—be familiar with our wives. The French leave us wretchedly behind—in liberality of sentiment. A little more, and they will rival the *areoi* of Otaheite; could they bargain with death to take care of the children."

"Oh! but in general," said Mrs. Hammet, "husbands in France take no care at all of the love concerns of their ladies; but the Duke is under a peculiar necessity.—You must know that he himself is the Duchess's first and greatest passion; and when it happens that she is without an affair, this passion returns upon her with vast ardour. This the Duke finds inconvenient, and is obliged to exert himself to provide for his lady in a way less incommodious."

The

The conversation proceeding in the same manner, Sir George found it trifling, insipid, uninteresting; so withdrew without ceremony, to devote himself to philosophy.

CHAP. XVII.

EIGHT happy hours Sir George consecrated to virtue and to patriotism. Against despotism he wrote a bitter phillippic. Universal benevolence seemed to inspire his pen; and never before had he felt so highly the dignity of his nature. From this hour he determined to quit his follies, and to regard all pursuits, all occupations, as beneath him,
6 that

that did not some way or other tend to the amelioration of the state of mankind.

Of speculations so sublime, it is impossible a man should ever grow weary; and Sir George determined to indulge himself 'till the hour of repose. He dined. A few glasses raised his spirits to a higher tone.—He was almost in raptures. He took up the pen to give an account of his regeneration to Mr. Lindsay. After this, he began to resume his sublime ideas. They were in rebellion. He stretched, yawned, and at last found it absolutely necessary to get up and walk.

What party Mrs. Almon had, he knew not, nor where it was likely she should trifle away that time which was never used but for trifling purposes. For himself, he chose the opera.

Arrived at the theatre, he threw his eyes around in search of patriots. Not one whom he knew was in the theatre. But, in one box, he perceived Mrs. Almon, Mrs. Hammet, the Marchioness de Craience, the Count Poreé

Poreé and Monsieur de Groignard; in praise of whose generosity Mrs. Almon had been so lavish in the morning; who now sat by her side, and grinned in her face with such apparent satisfaction, that Sir George thought it extremely probable the thousand Louis per month were going to change their direction.

What was this to him? What was it to him who stooped to pick up the bauble he had thrown away? So he endeavoured to fix his attention upon Artaserse, and the heroes who die in song.

It might have been better, or it might not; the opera-house is no place for metaphysic disquisition. That man had been made capable of governing two or three senses at once. For whilst Sir George was directing his ears to the music, his eyes, without orders, fixed themselves upon Monsieur Groignard and Mrs. Almon, and disturbed the peaceable possession Signor Pracini had obtained of his auditory nerves. Signor Pracini, on his side, disturbed Mrs. Almon in her operation

tion on the eye; and neither sense sent any but disordered notices to Sir George's sensorium.

It was impossible that any sensorium so harassed, should live in comfort. Sir George changed his box for another, where his eyes could not play him this impertinent trick.— Monsieur Dangeneau, of the French guards, was in it: and was so intent on giving the nomenclature of the house to a friend, that he did not perceive Sir George's entrance.

His friend directed his glass to Mrs. Almon.—“That lady,” said Monsieur Dangeneau, “is English, and handsome, as you see. She is the *chere amie* of the Chevalier Paradyne.”

“And who, asked Monsieur Parroque, his friend, “is the gentleman, who is incessantly nestling his long nose in her ear?”

“C'est Monsieur Groignard, son of a Fermier Generale, who has left him a few million livres, which seem an insupportable burthen to him, by the pains he takes to get rid of them.”

“Is

“Is he,” asked Mr. Parroque, “petitioning the lady to assist him?”

“C’est probable,” answered the other.

“And the Chevalier—what will he say?” asked Parroque.

“*Je ne sçai pas*,” replied Dangeneau.—
“All I know is, that the English do not love Fermiers Generales; and that Monsieur Groignard’s nose is in some danger.”

Sir George, not finding himself much amused by all this, left the theatre, and returned home. Here he found preparations for *un petit souper*, which he found Mrs. Almon gave this evening. This, himself unconsulted and unnoticed, did not serve to recal his good humour. So *à la mode d’Angleterre*, he went to bed supperless and splenetic.

It was not with all the grace of a polite man that Sir George paid his morning compliments to Mrs. Almon; nor did the lady wear her accustomed aspect of sweet complacency. Big war sat upon the brow of each.

Sir

Sir George struck the first blow, by hoping she found Monsieur Groignard to her taste.

She answered, "Yes."

"I congratulate you, Madam," said Sir George, "he is a most accomplished gentleman. I should fear, indeed, his fine nose might incommode you, but that it will sneeze Louis d'ors into your bosom."

"Make what suppositions you please, Sir George."

"A genteel contempt, this, you honour me with, Madam."

"You taught it me, Sir."

"You improve upon your master."

"I am glad of it."

"It is true, then, you have engaged with Monsieur Groignard?"

"I consider myself as no longer engaged to Sir George Paradyne. What becomes of me hereafter, it cannot be worth his while to inquire."

"It fits quite easy upon you, Madam."

"It ought to do, Sir, since you thought proper to give me such ample provocation."

"Me!"

“ Me ! Madam.—Me give the provocation ! Me, whom you reproached with want of generosity.”

“ Did I do you injustice, Sir ?”

“ Have I not in a few months lavished—but I scorn to proceed.”

“ Whatsoever you have lavished, Sir George, I presume, my particular share will not stand high in the account.”

“ Your impatience to receive is very lively, Madam.”

“ There is no necessity for unmannerly insult, Sir George. You have indicated your intention to separate in terms sufficiently plain. Allow me a few hours, and then adieu for ever.”

Mrs. Almon threw herself upon the sofa, in a kind of tender anger. Nothing inanimate could be more beautiful than her dishabille. A snow white leg and foot played in gentle agitation. Her bosom—no—I will not meddle with that. Her eyes, which threw so late indignant lightnings, were now suffused with tears. One lovely hand was employed

employed in covering those eyes, as if ashamed of their expression; the other seemed, by a gentle pressure below the breast, to indicate all was not right about the region of the heart.

The object and the attitude might have been worthy the chissel of Pygmalion. Sir George had not stood in contemplation of it more than five minutes, before he found the angry passions all giving way. Pity, and something still sweeter than pity, became soon his predominant feelings. He went toward the sofa, and taking that hand which covered her eyes, said, in a softened accent, "Mrs. Almon!"

Her only answer was tears—tears—but she did not withdraw her hand.

Sir George repeated the words in a tone still more musical.

"Sir George!" the lady answered.

"There was a time,"—said Sir George.

"Yes,"—she answered, sobbing;—"there was a time."

"And

“And is it gone for ever?” asked Sir George.

“You best know, Sir George.”

“Oh! that it depended upon me.”

“Certainly it does, Sir George.”

“And have you not then engaged with Groignard?”

“Name him not, Sir George; he’s my aversion. Once separated from you, it will be long—long—before my heart opens again to tenderness.”

“My angel.”

“My dear Sir George.”

“And so—yes—it was so in Terence’s time.—*Amantium ira, amoris redintegratio est.*”

I stop here to obviate a difficulty which will arise in the minds of my fair readers.—This, they will say, is incomprehensible.—We thought it was with Miss Colerain, not with Mrs. Almon, Sir George was in love.

“Can a man love two at once?”

“Yes, dear ladies, three.”

“Detested be such love!”

Amen.

Amen.—But be not angry with me, dear ladies; it is nature makes the enigma, not I. If the human heart is inexplicable, is it my fault? I am only a simple recorder of facts.

“Simple enough.

“What can I do? There are makers of motives enough already, more than know their trade, or I am deceived. Am I a bishop? that I should deviate from the plain path of truth, and take the high priori road to ipse-dixitation? the quantity of error in the soul of this habitable globe, needs not the least increase. All I can say in favour of Sir George Paradyne is, that he had a heart very much disposed to human kindness. That Miss Colerain was not, and Mrs. Almon was present to receive the benefit of this disposition; and finally, that Sir George was not quite twenty and two.

C H A P. XVIII.

LET us leave him a while to bask in the sun-shine of Mrs. Almon's smiles, and revel in the gaities of Paris; let us cross the channel, and see if England has any thing worthy our notice.

The ministry had fallen there; a dreadful ruin always. Every body knows, that it is the duty of those who have descended the ladder of state, without breaking their necks, to attack the mounting crew with all manner of *missile* weapons, the chief of which are the tongue and the pen. Lord Aufchamp had
used

used both to little purpose. The abilities which had rendered him a great man, with clerks in office, were of small esteem with the people of England. This only served to throw Lord Aufchamp into a greater rage, and to convince him more strongly, that the present administration were a set of the most abandoned miscreants that this unhappy nation ever saw. All their aim was to enlarge the power of the people, already too licentious, and curtail the prerogatives of the crown, which had scarce any prerogatives left.

“And it would be worthy of your pen, Mr. Lindsay,” said he to this gentleman, “to expose their abandoned politics, and detect their crooked arts.”

“My pen, my Lord, such as it is, shall always be at the service of moral and political virtue,” answered Mr. Lindsay; “but hitherto, I think we have no public act, by which we can judge the present ministry hostile to either.”

“Oh!”

“Oh!” said Lord Aufchamp, “I know them—I know them to a man. Depend upon it, Mr. Lindsay, England will soon be a republic, if these men are suffered to be at the helm of affairs. Assure yourself, Mr. Lindsay, you shall be well paid. You have an able pen. It cannot be employed in a better cause; and I engage to furnish you with materials. I know how to come at the secrets of office.”

“Pardon me, my Lord,”—Mr. Lindsay replied; “the secrets of office are not the best materials for any pen; and surreptitiously obtained—what honest pen will use them?”

It was at Mr. Birimport’s where this impertinent sentiment was uttered; Lord Aufchamp measured the speaker with a contemptuous eye, and rising with great dignity, bade good morning to Mr. and Mrs. Birimport, and walked to his chariot.

Mr. Birimport had causes of dislike to Lord Aufchamp, who, he was accustomed to tell Mrs. Birimport, was only a pompous

cypher. He was therefore pleased with Mr. Lindsay this morning, and entered with him into a confidential discourse; in the prosecution of which, Mr. Lindsay, with an air that called for ingenuoufness, asked his sentiments of Mr. Hastings.

“ Oh !” answered Mr. Birimport, “ the thing is plain. The man is a damned clever fellow ; has done a great deal of evil and a great deal of good, with little scruple about the means. I had a good deal to do with him ; and always admired, feared, and detested him.”

Mr. Lindsay had thought it his duty to pay his respects to Mrs. Birimport immediately on his return to London. He was a most welcome visitant, for he extenuated the faults of the brother whom she loved ; and she was an interesting object to Mr. Lindsay ; for he knew the character of the husband, an ingenious tormentor of himself, and all about him. Mr. Lindsay’s morning visits were therefore frequent to Mrs. Birimport. In one of these, about a month after the preceding
ing

ing conversation, Mr. Birimport, suffering perhaps under a fit of hypocondriacism, was out of humour; and took occasion to contradict all which Mr. Lindsay said so provokingly, that this gentleman could not resist making a few retorts; but shortened his visit to prevent the necessity of more.

After his departure, Mr. Birimport fell into a reverie; out of which he burst with this odd unfinished observation.

“If the Ganges should roll back into Thibet,” said he, “one may expect a woman ————”

“What? Mr. Birimport,” asked Mrs. Birimport, smiling.

“This Lindsay,” said he, “is a sensible fellow at times, too; you admire him, Madam.”

“I think him sensible,” answered she.

“You do—Why—the man is plausible. What may be his age?”

“About thirty, I should think,” said Mrs. Birimport.

“Don’t you think him handsome, Madam.”

“I think him very well,” she answered.

“Very well, do you? Why, yes—as you say, he’s very well. Rather indigent, I suppose?”

“Not very rich, I doubt.”

“Oh!—you doubt. Should you not like to have the world at your command, Madam; to have the pleasure of raising indigent merit?”

“Some power of that kind I should think agreeable, Sir.”

“Yes—I dare say—and Lindsay would experience it’s first effects?”

“I hope he is comfortable by my brother’s bounty,” said the lady—“though not affluent.”

“Oh! you hope.—Yes, I dare say. It would have been very ungrateful of your brother not to have done it, considering the good advice he has given him, not to follow naughty women.”

“I

“ I do not imagine my brother would have been worse for following Mr. Lindsay’s advice.”

“ No—I dare say. Pray what family is he of?”

“ He is the son of a clergyman; of a Scotch family; related to Sir Andrew Lindsay, of Fifeshire.”

“ Oh! a poor gentleman of blood. Why that would take away all the indecorum now, if a wealthy lady should be desirous of relieving indigent merit, and raising birth from obscurity.”

“ This has been often done, Mr. Birimport; and I never understood that it was exposed to censure.”

“ Oh! you have not understood this.—Perhaps, Madam, considering what a husband you have got, you do not understand it to be censurable, to give away a little felicity by anticipation? a small foretaste of joys to come?”

“ Mr. Birimport!” said the astonished lady. Then, bursting into tears—“ I can al-

low," says she, "for infirmity of temper; I can submit to your arts of teasing. But this I cannot bear."

Saying this, she left the room precipitately.

The same day she wrote Mr. Lindsay the following note:

"Mrs. Birimport's compliments to Mr. Lindsay, requests him not to call upon her in Portland-place at present; peculiar engagements rendering it inconvenient to see him."

"Yes—poor lady—" said Lindsay, "I know thy peculiar engagements; and should not be sorry if death, the only power which can, would break it."

Because I have never, in any one sentence that I remember, coupled together Lindsay and love, my fair readers will have concluded him cold and insensible. It is time to correct this error. Miss Carlill, sensible, shrewd, and an enthusiast in friendship, assailed with no common force; but he strung every nerve for resistance. It would have been to unite poverty with poverty. It would have been giving
ing

ing too a sanction to Sir George's imprudent—then imprudent—passion for Miss Colerain. Miss Fluellen too gave him many a soft emotion, which pride and prudence together scarce enabled him to combat with success. Perhaps he saved himself only by flight.—Even in London, he was scarcely safe; for the contention was renewed by a letter from that simple charmer, which will be the subject of the next chapter.

C H A P. XIX.

“ Dear Mr. Lindsay,

I RECEIVED your last kind letter, and am thankful, as I ought to be, for the pains you take to improve me. I am more sen-

fible every day how much I want a true friend; for those that I thought to be so, prove themselves nothing less. Miss Owen, who is the only young person of my own sex that I have ever been intimate with in all my life, asked me to go to Aberistwyth assembly; so I went. I thought assemblies had been places where one might go for to learn manners and politeness; but I must say that I did not see much of either. Nobody took notice of me, except to laugh;—and nobody ever asked me to dance. So the next morning I inquired of Miss Owen what could be the reason. And she said I was not dressed properly; for my handkerchief was not puffed out at my bosom, 'till my face looked as if it was peeping out of a bush. Then my cap was too small, and my hair not frizzled enough; so I was only what you used to call neat, and liked me for.—Miss Owen said, she was asked by a lady if Mr. Fielding taught me that mode of dressing? I wonder how any body here should know about Mr. Fielding. And a gentleman

man answered, he was of opinion that Mr. Fielding would sooner have taught me to undress. Was not this spiteful. But I don't care, for I promise you I won't be long among 'em.

“About a month ago since, my aunt was married to Parson Nowel. He has two benefices, which both together bring in about fifty pounds a year ; and I made aunt's fortune up six hundred pounds, so they'll do very well, for she's past breeding. Parson would have had me come to board with them ; but I did not like it ; for he is but a so-so man ; and I need not go any where to learn ignorance, I have enough at home.

“You know Mr. Owen ap Jones ap Price, for he was here when you was. He comes a courting to me whether I will or no, and I'm forced to give him my company out of civility ; for one can't be rude in one's own house, you know. Nothing will say him nay ; and it makes me as cross as two sticks.

“ But I’ve worse to tell yet : You know our man, David Gam ; what a Sawney he was when we fet out, and what coxcomb he came back.—What do you think ? If his impudence did not offer himself to me for a husband, telling me he was born of honest parents, and all that. I asked him what I should get by marrying ; and he said a good bed-fellow. So I hit him a slap on the chops, and paid him his wages that blessed hour.

“ Now you know, I’m in a lone house—and that’s not proper—and I don’t like Wales. So I’m coming to London. But don’t be frightened—I’m not coming to have you against your will. All I desire is, that you will find me a fit place to board in, either in London or near it ; and now and then just ask me how I do. I can afford to give one hundred pounds a year for board for myself and maid, and three rooms ; and have another hundred pounds to spare—and I’m sure, if you’ve any use for it, you shall be

be as welcome as flowers in May. So hoping to hear from you soon, I remain

“Your humble servant,

“to command,

“D. FLUELLEN.”

Notwithstanding Miss Fluellen's promise not to have Mr. Lindsay against his will, it must be owned he was rather alarmed; and in order not to be obliged to ask her how she did too often, he thought near London was better for her health than in it. So he took her convenient lodgings at Mile-end, where she arrived within the month; and where we must leave her, in order to attend the more important concerns, now transacting in France.

C H A P. XX

IF I have hitherto said little of Mr. Fielding, it was because I had little to say. His was a life of uniformity. His amusement, notwithstanding the charms of Mrs. Hammet, was low amour; his avocation gaming. He sought the society of no patriots, no literati; nor was he, like Sir George, ever troubled by compunction or remorse. Although he did Sir George Paradyne the honour to call him his dearest friend, he had formed a friendship of much greater intimacy with Count Colliano, who had come from London to Paris, and who, on his first arrival,

rival, Sir George shunned, as far as was possible, without transgressing the laws of politeness. Accident, however, or perhaps not accident, brought about an occurrence, which shewed the Count to be so much the gentleman, that Sir George now courted, as much as he before shunned him.

This accident was a race upon the plain des Sablons, between two racers, Alfred and Pepin; the first, English bred, the other French. The glory of the two nations was concerned in it, and an Englishman cannot, in such a case, but feel for the glory of his country. Fielding was decidedly for Alfred, not as being English, but as being the best. He had made an acquaintance with the jockey, who was to ride Alfred, an *honest* Yorkshireman; who assured him he knew the length of Pepin's foot to an inch. Fielding imparted this to Sir George in confidence.

Now, since the last *fracas*, it was impossible for any lady to exceed Mrs. Almon in
the

the soft insinuating powers. Perhaps there is scarce one wife in all London who would have taken the pains she did, to keep Sir George from thinking; that enemy to gallantry, to pleasure, and herself. She knew the grand specific was dissipation, and she gave it in every possible form and manner.

Sir George could not reward her for all this, as he wished. His stock in the funds was gone, and he had drained his banker.— A few rouleaus, of one hundred Louis each, occasionally tossed in her lap, was all he had done. He was sensible she deserved a great deal more; and the race above-mentioned, gave him an opportunity to be generous, without the disgraceful means of anticipating his revenues.

Alfred won the first heat with ease, and four to one, six to one, resounded over the plain. Sir George offered bets upon this spirited calculation, all of which were taken by Count Colliano; when, in the midst of the second heat, Alfred was seen to slip behind, and neither that heat nor the next could be

be prevailed upon to take the lead by any persuasion whatever.

It must be owned, Sir George did not bear this reverse with all the nonchalance of a philosopher, or of a well initiated gamester. He drank Champagne in abundance, to get it out of his head; and when the Count, like a man of honour, offered to give him his revenge at hazard, the same evening, he accepted the offer, and flew with eagerness to decide the contest. Sir George threw well, and gained upon the Count the first hour.—The second, fortune changed;—a circumstance not uncommon with young gamesters. He threw the dice into the fire, and called for fresh. This operation was repeated more than once, without success. His irritation increased with his ill fortune. In short, not to dwell upon a scene, of which proud man has little cause to be proud, at break of day, he found himself engaged to the Count for something more than ten thousand guineas; and with this cordial cup of consolation, he retired to his hotel to—rest.

Sir

Sir George's mind had so harrassed his body, that he did not awake 'till late. Then came coffee and reflection; and with them remorse and horror. These were succeeded by disdain of life, a feverish disorder, not uncommon with English gentlemen in similar circumstances. The Count called, and perceiving the symptoms, assured Sir George he did not want his money; that he scorned to distress a gentleman; that he would have the goodness only to ascertain the sum by a proper obligation, and take his own time for payment.

This very genteel behaviour of the Count's revived Sir George's spirits. He gave the Count his proper obligation, and with it a cordial invitation to do him the honour to consider the hotel as his own house. Mrs. Almon entered to inquire of Sir George if he would do her the honour to be of her party to-day. They went out together. The plain des Sablons had the preceding day transferred a great deal of property besides Sir George's; and ruin is a most ample fund.

fund of mirth for the Parisians. A young banker too had stopt payment—for love.—These were great consolations; and Sir George, having laughed half an hour at other peoples follies, forgot to cry at his own.

CHAP. XXI.

THIS airy course Sir George Paradyne had the steadiness to pursue 'till the winter was nearly closed, by which time his complaisance to the Count had induced him to grant other obligations to no small amount. He had, however, now got tolerably well rid of the ridiculous habit of retrospection.—

Youth,

Youth, he sagely concluded, must have its follies; the season would be over soon; a few years economy would free him from their effects; and there was little wisdom in looking back at a dreary view, when the prospect before was all rose and carnation. Sir George had also forgot to think of Miss Colerain. One step more was wanting, to see her without emotion—and the road to virtue would probably have been barred to him for ever.

It was the fashion to visit the Palais Royale.—One day Sir George had attended Mrs. Almon, and her inseparable party thither. In the gallery of paintings, two ladies seemed to draw more the attention of the company than Daphne and Apollo.—A pretty elegant quaker-like figure attracted the gaze of the ladies, whilst the eyes of the gentlemen were fixed upon a lady, who had no particularities to draw attention, except superior beauty and grace.

Sir George no sooner threw his eyes upon this attractive lady, than he suddenly felt himself

himself faint;—a sickness with dizziness seized him, and, to avoid observation, he left the gallery. Something of the same kind had happened to Miss Colerain, who Sir George saw pass him, accompanied by Miss Carlill, and a well-looking gentleman about thirty. This did not in the least relieve his sickness. He followed, however, at a distance, for he had too much of the *mauvaise honte* to approach, and saw all three ascend a *fiacre*, and drive away. He sighed, and sought an unfrequented part of the garden.

It happened that a servant of Sir George, he who attended his master at Combor, was passing along the street St. Honoré at the instant Miss Colerain was alighting from the *fiacre* at the door of her lodgings. He knew her, and by way of English news, told it Sir George the same evening. The intelligence procured his master a restless night.—The morning and Mrs. Almon found him pensive, silent, and absent. He walked into the Rue St. Honoré, though without the least intention

intention to call upon Miss Colerain. This he durst not do.—Yet somehow, as Mrs. Piozzi says, his daring hand had given the fatal rap, in spite of his trembling heart.

The door opened; he asked for Miss Colerain, and was shewn into a parlour, where Miss Colerain presently came down to attend him. Sir George was sensible he ought to speak, and felt infinite confusion to find himself unable. Miss Colerain, though herself embarrassed, first found her speech.—“She hoped she saw Sir George Paradyne well?”

“No—no—you do not, Miss Colerain,” answered Sir George.

“I am sorry for it, Sir George.”

“No—no—you are not, Miss Colerain,” Sir George replied.

“Why do you suppose this, Sir George?”

“Because—because—when you last saw me, it was with such contempt——”

“Sorrow would better express the sentiment I saw you with then, than contempt.”

“I know I am criminal in your eyes, Miss Colerain; but should I have been so,
had

had I been permitted to leave England with more hope?"

"If you can satisfy yourself, Sir George, by criminating me, you are welcome."

"Is not this contempt, Miss Colerain?—The severest contempt?"

"It is not reverence, I own."

"After all, what have I done? Any thing atrocious.—Any thing unauthorised by the manners of the age?"

"If you are satisfied, Sir George—I am."

"No—Miss Colerain—no—I am not satisfied neither. That I cannot be, whilst I am sunk in your esteem."

"Since you have done nothing wrong, Sir George, nothing unauthorised, the loss of my esteem must be considered as mere caprice."

"No—Miss Colerain—I do not mean that I have not been wrong.—But—look into my heart—that has been always your's."

"It is well," said Miss Carlill, entering the parlour at this instant—"It is well friend Almon does not hear thee."

"By

“ By Heaven — Miss Carlill,” said Sir George, — “ but you do not think these idle connexions are made by the heart ?”

“ Nay,” said Miss Carlill, “ that is best known to those who make them.”

“ Miss Carlill,” said Sir George, “ once you were my friend ; once you pleaded my cause here.”

“ Then—I thought thy cause a good one. I did indeed take pains to convince Cornelia Colerain, that though a young man, thou wert a man of wisdom. Can I be pleased to find myself mistaken ?”

“ You are very severe, Miss Carlill,” said Sir George. “ I must not presume to defend my foibles ;—but I hope they do not deserve the utmost severity of reprehension.”

“ If it does thee good to soften folly by the gentler name of foible, it may be a remain of wisdom so to do. But to lavish thy fortune upon a woman thou dost not pretend to love, and upon gamesters thou once made it an honour to thyself to despise—and upon frivolties almost beneath a woman.—If
these

these are not follies—I pray thee tell me what are ?”

“ Although,” said Miss Colerain, “ I do not adopt my friend’s harsh stile of criticism, I own myself grieved and afflicted, to see Sir George Paradyne, designed by nature and fortune to be one of the first characters of his country—to see him here at Paris—stopt short by pleasure in the career of virtue—pursuing trifles with avidity—and sinking in the world’s esteem—and his own.”

“ Thou may’st be wrong in thy conclusion, Cornelia,” said Miss Carlill.—“ Paris is a charming school, and friend Paradyne an apt scholar. He may have learned to think his present pursuits the most laudable; and to embellish them with the agreeable names of *l’Esprit, le bon ton, la belle usage.*”

“ It is possible,” said Miss Colerain, with a softened sigh, “ Sir George may think himself under no obligation to virtuous and moral conduct;—to sustain the honour of his country; to promote its welfare; or to soften the calamities of human life.”

“ Yes,”

“ Yes,” added Miss Carlill, “ he may think his noble fortune given him—to buy jewels—and give them to *les filles de joie*.—He may think his dear Mrs. Almon speaks of his favours with gratitude rather than ridicule. He may think his two friends, John Fielding, and him they call Count Colliano, men of prime honour and worship ; and that they do not boast of having made him their dupe.”

“ Too sure, then,” said Miss Colerain, “ too sure he will be mistaken. How often have I felt the secret blush, when I heard Sir George Paradyne spoken of as a man who left his country for improvement ; and, in a city famous for illustrious characters in every science which does honour to mankind, seek it in theatres alone, in gaming-houses, and in the *coterie* of a woman lost to respectable society.”

“ If,” said Sir George, striking his forehead, “ if you do not mean to drive me to distraction—forbear. Tell me only—tell me, dear Cornelia, if contrary conduct, if
any

any conduct, can now regain me your esteem?"

"My esteem, Sir George, will always follow virtue."

"Ay—but your heart—that—that—"

"Once it was your's, Sir George—I scorn to disguise it."

"Thou threw'st it, like a worthless toy, away," said Miss Carlill.

"Cruel—cruel, Miss Carlill.—But no," continued Sir George, and hurrying to the window, to conceal the emotion that swelled his breast, and rose into his eyes—"I will not ask any thing now. I ought to deserve your favours before I sue for them. Only tell me—can I serve you at Paris?"

"No, Sir George," answered Miss Cole-
rain, "we leave it to-morrow."

"For England?" asked Sir George.

"Yes—for England."

"And have you no want, Cornelia?" said Sir George, his voice softened with tenderness.—"When I last saw you, I trembled at the probability of your suffering from indigence."

gence.—Oh !—would you but permit me—how it would ease the heart you have doomed to suffer and bleed—”

“ I shall always acknowledge your kind intentions in this respect,” Miss Colerain replied ;—“ but some events have happened, which have rendered me affluent. I first became so by the friendship of Miss Carlill, whose uncle died at Ghent, leaving her a considerable fortune.”

“ It was in going thither, friend Paradyne,” said Miss Carlill, “ we had a glance of thee—at Soissons, I think, or St. Quintin,——”

“ No more, dear mercilefs Miss Carlill,” said Sir George ;—“ I am sick of my follies. When a man feels them—at his heart—sure you may spare his ear.”

“ Mr. Talbot has been taken,” resumed Miss Colerain ;—“ and enough has been recovered from him, to clear my father’s debts, and leave me a considerable surplus. I am still richer by the recovery of that house at Bourdeaux, whose failure first began my father’s misfortunes. The gentleman who accompanied

accompanied us yesterday to the Palace Royale, is at the head of that house by the decease of his father;—he has been in America; has recovered much supposed to be lost; and has restored the full credit of the house by payment of its debts.”

“May Heaven then bless you, my dear Cornelia,” said Sir George, with fervor.—“Never will I presume to enter your presence, ’till——*àdieu.*”

Then taking her hand, he kneeled on one knee, kissed it with a respectful solemnity, and hurried out of the room.

“Poor Sir George!” said Miss Colerain, sinking upon a sofa—where she wept for hours.

Poor Sir George!

C H A P. XXII.

BUT this was not the sole 'mortifying, though instructive, lesson Sir George was doomed this day to receive. When he left the Rue St. Honoré, he crossed the Seine, that he might find, if possible, an unfrequented walk, where he might indulge reflection. He passed some hours in all the luxury of remorse ; 'till, having resolved and again resolved, to be no longer the abject and frivolous being he had been, his mind assumed a firmer and more serene tone. He reflected upon the perfidy of his friends, who, he doubted not, had made him the subject of
their

their ridicule, though he wondered how it should have come to the knowledge of Miss Colerain.

Wearied at length, and wanting refreshment, he returned into the city, and calling in at a celebrated coffee-house, saw, in earnest conversation, the Marquis de la Fayette, with Monsieur Volney, and Monsieur Chapelier.

Sir George walked towards them; they saw him approach, but no one moved to meet his advances. They returned his salute with a cool civility, uncommon amongst Frenchmen, and resumed their conversation. To break into this would have been rude; he retired, therefore, intending to ask an explanation of the Marquis. Two hours after, Sir George called at the Marquis's hotel, was instantly admitted, and complained, in a friendly tone, of his reception at the coffee-house.

“Monsieur le Chevalier,” says the Marquis, with a polite indifference, “it is now

some months since I had the pleasure of seeing you."

"I deserve the reproof," answered Sir George, "for my apology, I have only to plead, I was young—and at Paris."

"Oh! que oui," says the Marquis, "I have heard of you often—mais, pardonnez moi ma franchise, men of pleasure are not the society in which I am most conversant."

"Is it in that character only," said Sir George, "that I have been considered by you of late, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Certainement, Chevalier Paradyne," the Marquis replied, "it has not been my good fortune to hear of you in any other."

"I hope," said Sir George, "I have not in that character been guilty of any act which debases me as a gentleman?"

"Pardonnez moi," replied the Marquis; "Ce n'est pas mon affaire. You live as you please. What have I to do with that?"

"I suffer in your opinion, Marquis. Is it then, that your nation is become so rigorous as to exact wisdom from young men?"

"Oh!

“ Oh ! que non ” answered the Marquis, “ my nation must love you ; it is only I that have had the misfortune to lose my national taste.”

“ I beg your pardon for this intrusion,” said Sir George. “ Occupied as you are, I have no right to any part of your time ; nor, occupied as I have been, to any part of your esteem. Monsieur le Marquis, adieu,—when next you see me here, I will be more worthy of you.”

“ Monsieur le Chevalier,” said the Marquis, “ this frankness is charming. Accept my general invitation. If you approve the society I keep, come amongst us. The moment you prefer us to the bons vivans, et les gens de jeu, you are what you desire to be.”

They embraced and parted ; Sir George much delighted to be in the way to regain his own esteem, and that of men.

C H A P. XXIII.

THERE *is* a difference between doing those things which have our own approbation, and those which have not. In one case, a man generally walks erect, whether he has learned to dance or not. In the other, the head seems to be growing downward. As it wanted an hour to dinner, and having no present relish for the beauties of his own hotel, he turned into the Thuilleries, intending to consider what he should do to obliterate the blots which stained his character.

He had not long been thus engaged, when he perceived a gentleman, English by his appearance,

appearance, walking slowly on as in deep contemplation. He recollected him to be Mr. Mowbray, with whom my fair readers once dined at the Falcon at Combor; but who, considering the nature of his opinions, cannot be supposed to have made himself an interest in their gentle bosoms. He seemed much paler than when Sir George had last seen him, and was attended by the same person. His eye was sunk; its expression languid; but he seemed to be pleased when Sir George accosted him, whom he remembered very well.

“To what cause,” Sir George asked, “do I owe the pleasure of seeing Mr. Mowbray now in Paris?”

“I travel,” he answered, “because I cannot rest. My friends advised me to a warmer climate for this winter. I have been in Provence. But I feel I decline apace; and being desirous to sleep in the tomb of my ancestors, I am hastening home. Mrs. Mowbray too, I wish to see once more, to

shew her the last state of the man she has broken down."

"It has been a most unfortunate connexion to you, Mr. Mowbray," said Sir George.

"In every connexion with woman," Mr. Mowbray replied, "man seeks happiness and risks it—and the risk is great. It is so much the greater, because, in the usual mode of connexion, the laws come in to perpetuate it, and the misery is for life. Gentlemen endeavour to avoid this by that kind of union, which you, Sir George, are said to have formed with a Mrs. Almon; and no doubt that—as long as we love—is a more advantageous formula than—as long as we live. Yet there are drawbacks. Children impede a separation, even when mutually desired. There is too a certain loss of character; for most men, and most *good* women, think it borders upon infamy. Since *good* women very generally reject it, it is usually formed with women whose characteristic, goodness is not. There are exceptions, no doubt, and I hope Mrs. Almon may be one."

There was nothing in this conversation that was peculiarly pleasing to Sir George, who answered slightly, "his own experience had not much recommended that mode of connexion, and then endeavoured to change the discourse by inviting Mr. Mowbray to dinner.

"I am unfit for company," Mr. Mowbray said.

"We dine to day en famille," answered Sir George, "and exactly at four. It is now four," continued he, looking at his watch; "I have kept a false account of time to-day."

Mr. Mowbray at length consented, and they went together.

C H A P. XXIV.

THEY found dinner waiting. On Mrs. Almon's entrance into the dining-room, Sir George announced Mr. Mowbray an English gentleman, who advanced to pay her his respects. But it is the pencil, not the pen, which ought to describe the stiffening horror that seized him on a view of her face. "Mrs. Mowbray !" cried he, faintly, and then stood with a fixed eye, and immoveable as a statue.

The lady was astonished also ; but ladies are not so soon deprived of their faculties, especially that of speech. She assumed a fiercé

fiercé proper for such an occasion, and with a blush—of anger, perhaps—which deepened the Paris rouge, “I wonder, Sir George,” says she, “you will take the liberty to introduce gentlemen to me without previous notice.”

Sir George thought the reproof an odd one; having never met it before, though he had committed the crime oft enough.

“Whenever you chuse to adopt this method,” continued the lady, “have the goodness to do the honours of your own table.”

So saying, she left the room with an air of offended dignity.

The astonished Sir George, turning to his guest, now as livid and ghastly as if he were paying immediate obedience to the grand summoner, death, saw him with trembling limbs, just ready to sink on the floor. Having supported, and placed him on a chair, he sent for a physician of great eminence. Before his arrival, Mr. Mowbray had sunk into a lethargic state, from whence no art or medicine could rouse him for a longer period

period than a few minutes. In these moments of reflection, he would press Sir George's hand, and regard him with a look of pity, unmixed with reproach. He died on the third day.

This melancholy event struck Sir George most forcibly. It was not, that he could charge either Mr. Mowbray's death, or antecedent misery upon himself directly. He was not the lady's seducer; but the lady's seducer must have been a man of unthinking gaiety, and loose morality——like himself.

The behaviour of Mrs. Mowbray completed his disgust. When she saw that Sir George, instead of sending this gentleman to his lodgings, kept him to be sick at his own hotel, she left it, and took up her residence with Mrs. Hammet; nor did she once trouble herself to send a single message of compliment or inquiry, either to Mowbray or himself.

In one respect, this indecent and unfeeling behaviour was serviceable to Sir George. It is rather ungenteel, and to some people would
be

be unpleasant, to tell a lady of Mrs. Mowbray's obliging disposition, they were weary of her; but as she had herself chose to abdicate, he had only to leave her to her own operations. The lady had an elevated soul, and understood her sex's dignity too well, to condescend to be the first mover of reconciliation.

C H A P. XXV.

NOW it was Sir George reaped the full harvest of his past follies, in bitterness of reflection. He owed the Count a large sum, and, under the influence of his present notions, he owed him contempt too; but it was scarcely

scarcely eligible to pay the latter debt before the former; and the former it was scarce possible to pay. In England, indeed, he might find means; but if he left Paris without an apology, what would the Count think? At length he determined to write to Mr. Lindsay; and this was the letter:

“Where is the physician who rejoices not in the completion of his prognostic, though his patient dies to fulfil it? You, dear Lindsay, will hardly be sorry to hear that counsels formed by pride, passion, and vanity, against reason—your reason—should be followed by proper effects. I am fallen, Lindsay, fallen very low indeed—into disgrace with myself. I have treated you with a most unfriendly neglect. It is an aggravation of my present pressures. If you can forgive, come and give me the consolation of friendship; come, and extricate me from the very *honourable* situation into which I have brought myself. I owe 12,000*l.* to a man I despise. I have drained Cartwright for other follies. What I wish is, that you would consult

sult with him, and use the most expeditious means to remit—convey I mean—that sum to Paris. Then consult with me on the most expeditious means of quitting folly for friendship.

“GEORGE PARADYNE.”

When Mr. Lindsay received Sir George's letter, he sighed at human weakness, and prepared to perform his requests. Having previously wrote to Sir George, he flew to Dennington, and found Mr. Cartwright expecting him.

“I have a letter from my master,” says he, “ordering me to co-operate with you in some business which you are to explain. I guess the nature of it though. Every body knows now-a-days, the principal occupation of stewards. But I am old, Sir, and don't like new ways. I have a competency honestly got; and I should choose to enjoy it in peace. So, Sir, as I suppose you are Sir George's

George's factotum, I beg the first cast of your office may be to accept my resignation."

"If Sir George has errors, Mr. Cartwright," said Lindsay, "he owes them probably more to the corruption of the times, than his own corruption."

"Yes, yes," replied the steward, "corruption of the times—that's the excuse for house-breaking, and adultery, and all the evils of the land. A man that is easily corrupted, is like enough to remain so. The times last always."

"Many young men slide in early youth," said Mr. Lindsay, "and recover; so may Sir George. It is not the greatest mark of judgment, to decide from first follies, on the character of a man's whole life; nor is it incumbent upon you, Sir, to animadvert with unbecoming freedom on a master's errors."

"*Noscitur a sociis*," says the old man, stung with this reproof; *Noscitur a sociis*. A man can't go to the devil, without having
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ing people ready to tell him he is in the road to Heaven."

"Your companions, then," replied Mr. Lindsay, "must have been people of little ceremony, and less politeness. But, Mr. Cartwright, my business with you is to concert the best means of raising, instantly, 12,000*l*. which Sir George wants for a particular use. As to accepting your resignation, it is not mine to do. I am not Sir George's servant; he honours me with the name of friend. If you do not chuse to concur with me in this affair, let me know it, that I may pursue other expedients."

"But what is the money for, Sir," said the steward. "What is it for?"

"What, Sir, is that to you?" replied Lindsay, with quickness. "Sir George asks your service, not your property."

The old gentleman was almost inclined to cut capers.

"No," says he, dancing about the room—"no—it is nothing to me if the estates are sunk by an earthquake—or—or—I have been

been steward fifty years——No——its nothing to me. My wife nursed Sir George. I had no child of my own. I loved him like one. But that's presumptuous. No——its nothing to me,"— and the tears sprang out.

" Mr. Cartwright," said Lindsay, " I meant not to affect you, though I will not say I did not mean to offend. We have been both something wrong. You, rather too free ; I, too petulant. Think, however, as well of me as I do of you, 'till you know I do not deserve your good opinion ; and let us have no other contest but who shall best serve Sir George Paradyne."

Flattered by this condescension, the old steward gave his hand, and they proceeded cordially to business. A banker advanced the money, and undertook the payment in Paris, immediately on Sir George's signing a bond. In four days Mr. Lindsay was ready to depart for France.

CHAP. XXVI.

IT was evening when Mr. Lindsay arrived at Calais, and whilst he was in the coach yard concerting with Monsieur Dessein, the speediest means of getting to Paris, a chaise with two women, and an English servant on horseback, came in. Mr. Lindsay instantly knew Miss Carlill; who was going to England, accompanied, not by Miss Colerain, but her maid.

“So agreeable an event as this,” said he, advancing to pay his respects, “I did not expect to meet in all France.”

“Then

“Then thou art not in search of pleasure,” said Miss Carlill.

“Ah! no,” said Lindsay, leading her into a parlour, where they said a great many agreeable things to each other; the gentleman lamenting Sir George’s irregularities with more compassion than gall; the lady with more gall than compassion.

“You have seen Sir George, I know,” said Mr. Lindsay.

“Yea,” said Miss Carlill, “more than once. The first time was at Soissons, I think. We—that is to say—Miss Colerain and I, were on our way to Ghent, to take possession of the effects of a dear uncle of mine deceased, who had settled there, and become affluent.”

“Sir George wrote me word of the circumstance,” said Mr. Lindsay, “and expressed much shame and contrition.”

“Thy friend,” replied Miss Carlill, is capable of contrite hours, but not of contrite days. It is pity indeed he should have been ashamed of an exhibition which made, as the
people

people of this country say, such a prodigious eclat. Not a waiter, or maid servant, or groom at Soissons, who was not overflowing in the praise of the generous Milfords Angloises, and of the spirit of the thing. Cornelia Colerain indeed only applauded it with her tears. She thought Soissons the ugliest town she had ever seen; and would not be persuaded to eat or drink in it."

"I hope," said Mr. Lindsay, "it is not owing to sickness or misfortune, that this lady is not your companion in this journey?"

"Oh! no," answered Miss Carlill, "she is well, and at Paris, attending the lying-in of Jeannette Beauvaloir, now married. Perhaps thou hast heard that the origin of the misfortunes of Cornelia's father, was a house at Bourdeaux. It was this Beauvaloir. An active young man, lately received into the partnership, went over to America, recovered debts which had been despaired of; and returning to France, reinstated the credit of the house, by paying all the demands upon it. This event produced a large sum for
Cornelia,

Cornelia, whose father's debts had been paid just before, by the taking of Talbot in Antwerp. The young man married Jeannette Beauvaloir, and they live now in Paris."

"Sir George," said Mr. Lindsay, "mentioned this circumstance to me in a letter. It must be confessed he did not rejoice in it; wishing, as I suppose, himself to be the sole source of fortune, as well as happiness, to Miss Colerain; and thinking, probably, it might serve to retard, rather than promote his suit."

"Cornelia Colerain," said Miss Carlill, "has that sort of mind, which 20,000l. cannot inflate, or change. She loves thy friend, and would be his, if he would take the trouble to deserve her; but she loves herself also, and chuses to be happy. In short, she will have a man to her own taste, or no man at all. I own this taste is obsolete, or nearly so; and is likely to make her commit the crying sin of dying a maid."

"That would be pity," said Mr. Lindsay, "but I dare hope for better things. Tho'
Sir

Sir George had been irregular, I hope he has stopt short of vice."

"Dost thou think gaming a vice?" Miss Carlill asked.

"I should rather call it a failing," answered Mr. Lindsay, "when it is not accompanied with fraud."

"Hast thou," Miss Carlill asked, "as pretty a distinction to make in favour of the virtuous life he leads with Mrs. Almon?"

"If," replied Mr. Lindsay, "it was the law or usage of the country, for men and women to make temporary contracts, no one would call it a vice."

"According to thee then," said Miss Carlill, "vice and virtue are mode and fashion?"

"Not wholly so, perhaps," Mr. Lindsay said, "nor wholly otherwise. But I think there is still one desideratum in our happiest European societies. It is to preserve a little more free will to the sexes in important article of their mutual conjunctions. It is pity a tender mistake, as it often does,

should involve two people in wretchedness for life. Would not the man deserve well of society who could abolish this evil without destroying order, and the parental and filial charities?"

"Surely," said Miss Carlill, "thou hast been the pupil of the poor mad Mowbray?"

"Poor Mowbray?" said Mr. Lindsay, "he was mad to be sure; yet there was wisdom in him. Might not he, Miss Carlill, have avoided madness and misery, if, instead of the connexion for life, he had formed such an one, as Sir George did with Mrs. Almon. No man knows what changes may happen. Minds are almost as frail things as bodies. Is it not possible Sir George Paradyne might have found misery in marriage?"

"I hate thee," said Miss Carlill, "dost thou compare Cornelia Colerain with that wife of Mowbray?"

"Only as they are women," Mr. Lindsay replied.

"If thou knewest Cornelia thou would be ashamed of thy comparison," said Miss Carlill.

fill. If chastity can be in women, it reigns in its greatest purity in Cornelia Colerain."

"Chastity may be in women, no doubt," answered Mr. Lindsay, "and was once probably in Mrs. Mowbray, but it gets out, one knows not how."

"Yea," said Miss Carlill, "minds, as thou hast observed, are frail. Thine has changed its character since I saw thee last. I did not expect to have found a supporter of bad morals in William Lindsay."

"Nor have you, my dear Miss Carlill. What I have said, has been rather in mitigation of my friend's errors, than an approbation of them. Pray favour me with Miss Colerain's address."

"Here it is," said Miss Carlill, "but I must tell thee, thy friend Paradyne supposes she is gone to England. Indeed she did design it; but the entreaties of friend Beauvaloir caused her to change her intention. She is however determined not to admit the visits of George Paradyne. As he is, she will not unite her fate to his, Promises of reformation,

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tion,

tion she will not regard. This must precede all farther communication between them. Thou understandest me. I depend upon thy honour. I need say no more."

CHAP. XXV.

MR. Lindsay alighted at Sir George's hotel; it was all in confusion. The evening before, Sir George had been attacked by certain law officers, similar to our bound bailiffs, and carried to the conciergerie. As these gentlemen claimed him just at the instant he was getting into his chariot to sup with Monsieur Volney, my fair Readers may conjecture,

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jecture, it was a political arrest. But indeed it was purely civil. "Civil?" Perfectly civil, dear ladies, as you will see when you ascend to its source.

Count Colliano had long admired Mrs. Almon, but as she was Sir George's mistress, not his wife, the transcendent honour of a man of gallantry, would not permit him to attempt to seduce her affections. Mrs. Almon saw the Count's affection, and his delicacy. His person was assez bein, very well; his manners easy; his temper gay; and, what weighed with the lady more than all, he was totally void of that retrograde course of sentiment, which often alarmed her in Sir George. He was afflicted with no hours of gloom arising from retrospection. In point of fortune he was supposed to be at his ease; and talking of returning to his native country, and of devoting the remainder of his life to love and ease, could he but meet his kindred mind. Mrs. Almon had a notion that she had a kindred mind; and wished for an asylum, but an

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asylum

asylum of pleasure, where she might never hear the hated name of Mowbray more.

The milkiness of nature Sir George had shewn respecting Mr. Mowbray, convinced her that she should never be able to mould him totally to her taste; and the cool civility with which, ever since the death of Mowbray, he avoided the society of the Count and Mr. Fielding, convinced these gentlemen, that he would be no longer to theirs. It was expedient therefore to think of other councils.

The Count unboasted himself to Mr. Fielding. There had happened to this honourable friend of Sir George Paradyne's a small change of fortune. His grandmother's funds had flown at the commands of play and pleasure. Sensible of the growing defect in his purse, and of his want of some arcana in the mysterious avocation of a gamester, he had cultivated the Count's acquaintance with much assiduity; and at length had formed with him a league offensive and defensive, against the sons of wealth. To gentlemen who follow the science of gaming with the dilligence

diligence and abilities of its highest professors, it is sometimes expedient to change their place, and to make sufficiently long intervals of return. About this time, our friends began to be sensible of this expediency.

The Count's secret affection then for Mrs. Almon, Mr. Fielding communicated to Mrs. Hammet; and she to her friend. Her friend, to compleat the circle, found the most delicate way imaginable to shew the Count she was not insensible. Confidence was soon established amongst this *partiè quarreè*. They held frequent councils; and the result was to leave Sir George Paradyne to his fate.

Your cunning people are so accustomed to bye-paths, that they seldom chuse the open road, even when it leads to their direct end, by the shortest and easiest way. The Count might have asked his money civilly of Sir George, and, in a very few days, have received it. About Mr. Fielding, he was perfectly indifferent; and, with Mrs. Mowbray he had done for ever. But they had in their own breasts, conscious monitors of

baseness of conduct to Sir George; there was something in him which they had wisdom enough to fear: and they chose to get out of his way with all possible speed and security. This security the Count had the legal means of obtaining. He put Sir George's bonds into proper hands; and the moment they had intelligence of his being safe in prison, Mrs. Mowbray returned to the hotel to take away all the moveables she chose to call her own; and at break of day, this virtuous party, passed the Bastile, and took the road to Orleans.

Unless the man or the matter be of peculiar eminence, every thing in the law and justice way in France is performed with so much quietness, that a genius of the ton may disappear, and, except by his creditors, little inquiry be made after him. His friends think of a fair incognita, rather than a prison; and the rest of the world think not of him. So it was with Sir George. They spoke not of his retreat at Versailles, nor at the table of the English ambassador. As for Monsieur Volney and the Marquis de la Fayette, they doubted

doubted not but he was going to make out a future title to their esteem, in the arms of some Lucretia of the opera. Sir George was very differently employed.

For the discovery of truth, when a man seeks it against himself, the gloom of a prison is better adapted than the gilded saloon with its thousand lustres, provided he is disposed to seek it. This necessary preliminary is the gift of God to judges and mathematicians. Divines do very well without it. Had Sir George been now possessed of it, he might have seen with wreat perspicuity the folly of taking the grinning courtesies of a gamester for friendship, or the blandishments of a wonton for love. But he did not chuse to look inward. He saw his friendship, his confidence betrayed; his imagination had fixed upon wretches who could smile to deceive; allure to destroy; upon the man, by whose incitements he had left the paths of virtue and happiness, for those of voluptuous pleasures and remorse.

In this train of sentimental fury he was found by Mr. Lindsay. In vain did his friend of man endeavour to allay the storm by arguments drawn from religion or philosophy ; Sir George could only feel. It was not without difficulty he could be brought to attend to his situation, and do what was necessary to regain his freedom. At length, having settled with the Count's agent, just at the door of the Conciergerie, he was saluted by other officers of law, who reconveyed him to his silent mansion, again to indulge in the luxury of sentiment. This was the work of a combination of those traders who supplied his house.

My readers, if I have any, will remember one of the quarrels betwixt Sir George and Mrs. Mowbray. In it he had touched obliquely upon the extravagance of his household expences. The lady, on the reconciliation had requested him to allot a certain sum for this purpose ; and if he had sufficient confidence to trust her with the arrangement, and payment, it should be her care, that that sum should

should not be exceeded. Confidence is never greater than in such tender moments. Sir George acceded ; and 100 English guineas was the weekly allotment. The use Mrs. Mowbray made of this sum was to lodge it in her own name at a banker's ; to pay small sums when she could not avoid it ; and leave the rest for time and accident. This was another reason why she chose the unostentatious mode of retreat before mentioned.

I know not why we should dwell on disagreeable particulars. Four thousand pounds were wanting to release Sir George. He had little to sell, for the hotel was furnished by the proprietor. It was not practicable to raise the sum at Paris without diffusing more widely Sir George's disgrace, and its cause. On the other side, it was terrible to think of spending in prison the tedious interval of Mr. Lindsay's journey to England and return.

Before a resolution was taken, it occurred to Mr. Lindsay that common politeness demanded he should pay his respects to Miss Colerain. These transactions had taken

place whilst her friend was confined by her lying in, and the circumstance of Sir George's confinement had reached her only the evening before in a whisper. It had cost her some tears, the traces of which were still visible when she came down to Mr. Lindsay. His melancholy air seemed to her a confirmation of the rumour. But it was of Miss Carlill he spoke, and of their agreeable meeting at Calais, not of Sir George. This was not what at present she most desired to hear.

“ You have seen Sir George, I presume, Mr. Lindsay,” says she; “ he is well I hope.”

Mr. Lindsay bowed his answer.

“ There has been,” says Miss Colerain, “ a report about town—I heard of it last night. Ah ! Mr. Lindsay ! it is to your friend's indiscretions, I fear, you owe the sadness I see upon your face. But is it true, Mr. Lindsay ? Good heavens ! a prison !”

“ He

“ He has, madam,” Mr. Lindsay replied, “ like many other young men, been the dupe of impostors, and is now imprisoned by their villany.”

Mr. Lindsay now related all the circumstances, always taking care to represent Sir George in the fairest light his errors would permit. He ended with their present dilemma.

“ Out of that,” said Miss Colerain, “ I have it in my power to relieve you. Monf. Laborde has in his hands a much larger sum of mine. Command what you please of it, and haste to release your friend.”

Mr. Lindsay did not expect this. It was for two reasons a most agreeable surprise. It extricated him from an embarrassment; and gave him hopes Sir George had a friend in Miss Colerain's bosom. For now he wished nothing so much as Sir George's allying himself to such a woman as Miss Colerain. This sentiment he ventured to hint in the most delicate manner.

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“ I do not wish, Mr. Lindsay,” Miss Colerain said in answer, “ to disguise from you what passes in my mind respecting Sir George. I know your friendship for him. I know your integrity. How amiable he once was, I cannot forget. I loved him as he was. I see him as he is with sorrow. Do not imagine I will yield to the weakness of my heart ; or think more of him, than as of a lost friend ; for so indeed he is. I could have pardoned his connexion with Mrs. Almon ; the common frailty of young men. I could have found excuses even for his gaming. But for the waste of all his hours I can find no excuse. The state of a young man is hopeless, who stops short in the progress of virtue, or of knowledge. The mind that does not advance, will pretty certainly recede ; and of all characters, not absolutely vicious and depraved, none has so much of my contempt as the mere idler. Do not therefore imagine, Mr. Lindsay, that my desire to assist Sir George is with a view
to

to the consequences you hint at. No, Sir, —I have no hope,—for never will I unite my fate with that of a man for whose actions it is probable I may blush.”

Mr. Lindsay would have said a great deal; but Miss Colerain, with an obliging smile, begged he would excuse her; that her resolutions were taken; and that it was painful to her to talk upon the subject. She then gave him a letter of credit upon Mons. Laborde, and wished him a good morning.

C H A P. XXVI.

IT was late in the morning before Mr. Lindsay went to the Conciergerie. Sir George had thought it unkind to be thus abandoned for the whole day, and reproached his friend with a sullen dignity. Mr. Lindsay answered the reproach by taking his hand and leading him with silent pleasure to the outward gate of the prison, where stood his chariot.

Arrived at Sir George's hotel, Mr. Lindsay laid before him receipts for all the claims which had yet appeared.

“ But

“ But how, my dear Lindsay,” said the astonished Sir George, “ how is it? To whom beside yourself am I obliged?”

“ To Miss Colerain,” replied Mr. Lindsay.

“ Good God!” said Sir George with infinite amazement. His pulse beat high; he was even rising into rapture, when Mr. Lindsay thought proper to check it by relating the whole of his conversation with Miss Colerain, as well as that with Miss Carlill. Sir George with a silent sigh, signed the bond to Miss Colerain, and then said, “ I cannot stay a day in Paris, where I have met with such disgrace; I cannot yet return to England, where the news of it will be received, according to the laudable custom of English people—perhaps of all people—with the most malignant joy. This kind of office, dear Lindsay, you must add to the many you have done me; you must stay here to sell me up, as they say; to dismiss my household, and finish the payment of my debts. Then, if there happens to be a concurrence of inclination

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tion and convenience, join me in Italy. I intend to devote three years to the business of regeneration; the remainder of my life to my country, to friendship, and if I can obtain her, to Miss Colerain."

"Very well," answered Lindsay, "these sentiments I must applaud. Apropos—do you know which way the Count and Mr. Fielding have steered their course?"

"No," Sir George replied, "I do not. To Turin, I suppose; the Count's castle in Piedmont."

"You will have the goodness to call upon them there?" said Lindsay.

"Why not?" replied Sir George, with quickness; whilst a fine bloom dyed his cheek. Mr. Lindsay suspected Sir George's views, and this confirmed his suspicions.

"And is it with revenge," said he, "Sir George Paradyne chooses to begin his work of regeneration?"

"Prithee Lindsay," said Sir George, "speculate after thy manner; but suffer me to act after mine."

"It

“ It is true then. You go to seek them ?”
said Lindsay.

“ It is certain,” said Sir George, “ I will not go a yard to avoid them.”

There was a fervor, an animation almost to wildness, when he said this. Mr. Lindsay saw this was not the hour for reasoning. He therefore wished only to detain Sir George in France till he could attend him to Italy ; and therefore proposed to him to visit the South of France, and meet him in one month at Lyons. “ I will consent,” said Sir George. “ I will meet you there.”

C H A P. XXVII.

IT is an easy thing in France, to trace the foot-steps of those travellers who go post; for there is always a complaisant gentleman, who pays his compliment in the king's name; and requests a few livres by way of friendship. Guided by this intelligence, Sir George followed the road of his friends as far as Lyons. Here the clue failed; for though they paid the post beyond, it did not appear that they went it. He however had not the least doubt but he should find or hear of them at Turin. As he passed over one of the moun-

mountains of Dauphiné, he saw a handsome and stately chateau. Enquiring of a peasant to whom it belonged, he was answered, "To the Marquis de Valine." Then, thought Sir George, Harcourt was mistaken. Neither the Marquis de Valine, nor the Count Colliano were borrowed titles; and I shall find the latter, by birth at least, worthy of my sword. Sir George thought it probable the whole party might be now at the chateau. He inquired of the peasant if there was company there? who replied, "There has been, but were gone," Having further learned that the Marquis bore a very good character, Sir George thought their acquaintance in London intitled him to call and pay his compliments at least. He drove up to the house, and hearing the Marquis was at home, sent in his name. Being requested to walk in, he found in the parlour a gentleman of middle age, but of a very different aspect from the Marquis de Valine he knew in London. Sir George in some confusion explained the mistake,

take, and asked if there was any other person in France, who bore his title?

“None,” answered the Marquis, “who has any right to do so. But,” added he, “I have heard that a valet-de-chambre of mine, whom I parted with for certain dexterities, not much to my taste, did me that honour in England. Possibly you may have seen him there.”

Almost with a blush, Sir George said, “He had; that he was accompanied by one who called himself Count Colliano, from Turin; and that he was easy and polite in his manners.”

“Yes,” returned the Marquis, “the manners of the great are easily copied, proud as they are of them; and my fellow was clever. There,” continued he, pointing to the declivity of a hill where some cottages were built,—“there lives his lady, whom my servants call the Marchioness. I assure you, a pretty woman. I am kind to her, because

she has had bad fortune in the world, without having deserved it."

"He is married then?" said Sir George.

"Yes, certainly," the Marquis answered.

"She was the Marchioness's woman. I gave her a small portion, which is very common here with Lords of parishes; and should have been godfather to her first child; but she never produced any. As to your Count Colliano, I suppose he is some ingenious Italian."

The Marquis detained Sir George to dinner; after which he pursued his journey, and arrived without accident at Turin.

So far he had travelled, blind to the works of nature or of art; deaf to wit, and dead to beauty. He was totally engrossed by the wretches who could dupe him with superlative fraud. His mind was irritated by this mortification of his vanity. But when he thought of his imprisonment, how was this insulting death wound to his pride aggravated by the probability of its being inflicted by one of the lowest, vilest of
man-

mankind. No, says he, I will seek them through the universe. No power but of death shall shelter them from my rage.

This resolution was taken at Turin, where Sir George was assured the name of Count Colliano was totally unknown; and taking it for granted, that though he had missed them at Lyons, they had undoubtedly gone for Italy; and knowing that some splendid capital must be the theatre of their vices, he determined upon seeking them at Rome or Naples.

Sir George, when he chose to indulge himself with a retrospect, was too clear sighted not to see his own eccentricities, and too candid not to acknowledge them. He wrote Mr. Lindsay as follows :

L E T T E R.

“ I honestly own, dear Lindsay, I left Paris full of revenge. It is not in the least abated by the knowledge I have acquired, that the two foreigners calling themselves at London, the Marquis de Valines and Count Colliano

liano are impostors of the lowest class; the Marquis certainly; and the other with the highest probability. You would infer from this, that they ought to be despised, and left to the fate that usually waits upon villany. But, my good friend, the gallows never comes to a rogue upon his own accord; somebody must take the trouble to perform the ceremony of introduction; and I know no claim I have to exemption.

“ Perhaps had I been merely a dupe, so many great men have been dupes before me in the same way, I might have laughed it off, and have satisfied myself with the promise of more wisdom in future; but to be thrown into prison, Lindsay, by these abandoned reptiles! That indignity I cannot brook. The thought of it, inflames my head and heart. But I will endeavour not to write in the stile of a madman.

“ Fielding is a gentleman, and must have a gentleman’s treatment. He shall know his companion. If then he thinks proper, quitting their society, to make me a gentleman’s

apology—it is well; if not—No more of that.

“ I do not travel now, dear Lindsay, with motives which should induce you, or any man of sense, to be my companion. I shall merely fly from place to place till I have found my prey. Do not therefore think of coming to Lyons. Think rather of returning to England, to the “ calm lights of mild philology.” If I live, I will write often to you; and when I can call myself my own, assuredly I am your’s,

G. PARADYNE.”

Left Mr. Lindsay, whose quickness in the dispatch of business Sir George well knew, should have left Paris before the arrival of this letter, he wrote him another to Lyons; after which he proceeded upon his most wise and promising expedition.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THIS letter gave a severe check to the flattering hopes of Mr. Lindsay. He had relied with considerable certainty upon Sir George's having, from the late transactions and their consequences, seen the folly of giving the reins to passion, and suffering its influence. He had flattered himself that his own attentions would have restored him to his usual place in Sir George's affections; and that his influence, added to Miss Colerain's, would not merely have disposed, but impelled him into his old habits of manly virtue.

The souls of men, dear ladies, what are they made of? Something extremely odd, no doubt, since they have hitherto escaped all eyes, microscopical, metaphysical, and divine. With the fair sex, to see evil and avoid it, is the same thing. But men! I wish their souls were made of honest matter, if spirit is so perverse.

Mr. Lindsay had called frequently upon Miss Colerain, and had begun almost to adore her; for, to the fairest body, she joined the fairest mind. He had, by Sir George's desire, pressed her to accept the White House at Combor. She declined it in a tone at once mild and peremptory. He wished to know if she desired to have it upon any terms? "Certainly," she answered, "I desire it. It was the place of my happiest days. But prudence does not permit me to indulge that wish. In cases wherein two causes of any action, a good and a bad, present themselves to the human judgment, I see, and I see it with sorrow, the bad is seized upon with an unhappy avidity; and this is so com-

common, one is almost forced to call it natural. All would know the house had been Sir George Paradyne's. Few would believe it was not still so; or that it had not been obtained by improper compliances. Over and above this consideration, she continued: "I shall not chuse that any local situation shall expose me to his acquaintance."

"You must be Lady Paradyne," said Mr. Lindsay with eagerness; "Sir George Paradyne's happiness depends upon it; mine depends upon it; and, pardon me, I hope your own."

"It will always be a pleasing consideration to me," replied Miss Colerain, "to have been thought deserving that honour by Mr. Lindsay. But Sir George is too volatile, too gay, too much the slave of his passions (too much indeed, thought Mr. Lindsay) for me to indulge myself with the hopes that we shall meet, on the only terms we ever will meet—his return to the dictates of wisdom, and the practice of virtue. If this effect is not produced by feeling and reflecting upon

his late errors, I shall suppose it an effect which cannot be brought about by any human means ; in consequence, I shall think, or (with a sigh) endeavour to think of him no more ; and take care to fix myself so, as not to be exposed to his sudden conversions, his sudden penitences."

" As Sir George is not here, madam," said Mr. Lindsay, " give me leave to plead in his favour, that your hand would be perhaps the most infallible of all earthly things, for making him what you and I must wish him."

" Happiness, sir," Miss Colerain replied, " is too important to be made the subject of experiment. I will be candid with you Mr. Lindsay, and to prove to you that I am not without my sexes' weakness, I own I love Sir George, fondly love him ; so much the more necessary is it to guard against the errors of my heart. That heart shall break, as perhaps it will, before I marry a man to whom I cannot give my entire esteem. But this esteem must not be upon credit. I cannot admit as

a plea, the possibility that he may one day deserve it."

"You are severe, madam; but perhaps you are just;" Mr. Lindsay replied. "Permit me to say, the more I know you the more your happiness is dear to me. And if you allow me to avow myself your friend, I also will be convinced Sir George deserves you, as well as man can deserve you, before I will advise you to be his."

"You are my friend, my brother," Miss Colerain answered with tears. "I bespeak your affection in each of these relations; and shall think myself far more secure in your care than in my own."

This was the conclusion of their last conversation. They took a solemn and affecting farewell; Mr. Lindsay permitting her to believe he was going to join Sir George; although upon the most mature consideration and knowledge of his temper, he had determined to go for England.

CHAP. XXIX.

I AM sorry to forget any thing of importance; but I really cannot tell whether it was Meudun or Chamblay at which Mr. Lindsay stopt to repose for the night. He, I dare say, will remember it to the last hour of his life. For no sooner was he shewn into a parlour than Madam Fretteau, a widow, mistress of the house, came in to pay her compliments with tears in her eyes. Mr. Lindsay civilly inquired if any thing had happened to distress her? "Yes, indeed," she answered, the most distressing circumstance in the world. About a week ago, Sir, an English

English lady came in with her daughter, attended by one man and one maid servant. Not one of them able to speak one word of French, except Miss, who I suppose speaks pretty good English French; but we have always difficulties with your young ladies who learn our language at an English boarding-school. Well, sir—the demoiselle is said to be in a deep decline, and madam her mother was having the goodness to take her to Montpellier. But in the middle of the night of her arrival, the old lady was taken ill, and Malgrè, our physician and apothecary, both gentlemen of great skill. She died yesterday.

“ Not far off, we have a convent of Franciscans; and the good fathers hearing of the lady’s danger, came to offer up prayers for her, and would even have indulged her with St. Francis’s cowl, which has the gift of freeing the happy souls who die in it, from all their sins; or which is the same thing, it makes St. Francis their patron; and all catholics know that this good saint never leaves asking and asking till he has got par-

don for all who die in his cowl. But the old lady was stubborn—indeed, sir, you English people are very stubborn heretics—it's almost a sin to ask mercy of God for you—for you shut your ears to all that our holy father the pope——”

“ I grant it, madam,” said Mr. Lindsay, “ we are stubborn; it is not worth your while to trouble yourselves about us, as you say, madam, our ears are shut to your holy father, but mine are open to you, Mrs. Fretteau, upon the subject you were speaking of.”

“ So it is,” answered Mrs. Fretteau; “ the English are mighty impatient people; if one affronts them, they do so storm and swear; and if one speaks to them for their own good, they won't hear a word of it.”

“ And so the lady died last night, you say, Mrs. Fretteau. And how does the poor young lady her daughter?”

“ Why, sir, she has not taken a morsel of refreshment ever since; and she does so lament her mother; and stays by the corpse; and kisses it; and indeed looks more like a
corpse

corpse herself than a living thing. But she must be told to-morrow, that she must think of burying it; and yet I suppose the good father Franciscans won't let it be laid in holy ground."

"Why so, dear madam?"

"Because—being a heretic."

"Won't your worms eat heretics, Mrs. Fretteau? Are they good catholics too?"

"Mon dieu! but the English are so droll. Its pity."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Fretteau, the young lady may chuse to carry back her mother's body; to inter it in the tomb of her ancestors."

"But then there's the tax, sir; you know that comes heavy; and I don't think they are over and above in pocket; for they have been but shabby for English people. Besides, there is the droit d' aubane. So they have sealed up madame's trunks; and God knows whether any thing will be left for us after all."

"That

“ That is a tax to punish the presumption of a foreigner for dying in France,—is it Mrs. Fretteau?”

“ My poor dear husband used to say that all laws were good at court, so they brought money; and sure enough we have plenty of them in France. I keep a book of taxes. If Monsieur has any curiosity.”

“ Some other time, Mrs. Fretteau; at present my curiosity is confined to my poor country woman.”

“ Poor thing! I’m quite disconsolate about her; she is so helpless. If she should die here too, Mon dieu; what troubles I should be in.”

“ And she is very likely,” said a person as he entered the room, for the door was open; “ they have told her indiscreetly that the king’s seal is upon her mother’s trunks, and she is in fits about it.”

“ C’est Monsieur l’apothicaire,” said Mrs. Fretteau.

“ You think your patient in danger, sir,” said Mr. Lindsay.

Tres

“Tres grand Monsieur;” replied the other. “Mon dieu! Elle est mort.”

“Is the danger immediate?” asked Mr. Lindsay.

“Sir,” said the apothecary, “she is far advanced in the true Phthisis; and yet it is ten to one she will not live to die of that distemper. It is more likely she will die of grief.”

“Mrs. Fretteau,” said Mr. Lindsay, “will it be proper to send in a message, that an English gentleman requests the favour to see her.”

“Très propre—Mais, Mon dieu! She is in the room with her mother. But I will see.”

“I think,” said Mr. Lindsay, “I scarce ever heard of greater distress than this poor young woman must be in.”

“Nor I, indeed. Young and unexperienced, in a foreign country, without friend or acquaintance, encumbered rather than assisted by two ignorant servants, embarrassed by

by our laws, her mother dead, herself dying, Mon dieu! said the apothecary.

Mrs. Fretteau returned. "I have delivered your message, sir, said she. "Poor thing! a faint gleam of pleasure seemed to shew itself in her eyes, when she heard it: She is preparing to receive you in the next apartment, and will send to you in ten minutes." Accordingly the man servant came down. The young lady, supported by the maid, arose from a settee on Mr. Lindsay's entrance; but as he approached nearer to pay his compliments, gave a faint scream, and sunk down again upon her seat, and hid her face in her maid's bosom. "It is Mr. Lindsay," said she.

"My name is Lindsay, indeed," answered he, taking her hand; "I hope it is not hatred of me gives you this alarm. I know not that I have deserved that from any lady."

"Oh, no, no," answered she, "it is you must hate me."

"Impossible, madam," returned he."

"Not

“Not when you know I am Sukey Robarts.”

“And are you indeed Sukey Robarts?” said he.

“Oh, yes—yes—I knew you could not bear my name.”

“Dear Sukey,” returned Mr. Lindsay, in a softened tone, “dismiss your apprehensions. You never injured me. If you had, your present unhappy situation would obliterate hatred from the breast of a savage.”

“Oh, how good! Yes indeed, sir, I am indeed in affliction. May it expiate my poor mother’s faults. May you and heaven forgive!”

“Most sincerely, Sukey—if that will sooth your affliction.”

“Oh, yes, yes,” said she, pressing his hand faintly, but seeming ready to faint.

“I will do every thing I can to comfort you Sukey,” said Mr. Lindsey, with infinite tenderness; you shall be all my present care.”

“Won’t you leave me then?” asked she, feebly.

“No

“No—if you desire I should not, till you are safe with your family and friends.”

“Oh,” says she, “I have no family.” And she sunk into a gentle swoon,—but for an instant only.

Mr. Lindsay rang for Mr. Fretteau, who, indeed, and the apothecary also were very near; but who, for want of knowing the English language, lost the pathos of the scene.

“Mis. Fretteau,” said Mr. Lindsay, “I must have a boiled chicken to supper; and my fair friend here the broth. In the mean time, please to send up a biscuit, with water and wine. Since you give me a right of protecting you,” said he to Miss Robarts; “you must give me the authority of a protector, and submit to my directions.”

She smiled approbation, as well as she could smile.

As she seemed faint and exhausted, Mr. Lindsay would not permit her to speak any more that night. He made her eat a biscuit, and drink half a glass of wine and water; engaged

gaged her afterwards to swallow a few spoonfuls of chicken broth; prevailed upon the apothecary to give her an opiate and cardial; and left her to repose with her maid, in the apartment in which they had met.

C H A P. XXX.

MISS Robarts had some rest in the night, and met her benefactor at breakfast, her eyes beamed gratitude. So delicate a figure, so beautiful a bloom, Mr. Lindsay had never before seen; and easily in the day recognized the general features of the girl he had known at fourteen—for this was the middle sister.

“ How

“How sensible I am of your goodness!” said she. “Of all mankind, from you it was least to be expected.”

“Why so, Sukey?” said Mr. Lindsay, tenderly.

“Because—because,” she answered, blushing, “you know our family was the cause of the loss of your inheritance.”

“You, dear Sukey,” Mr. Lindsay replied, “did not, could not injure me. Do not suppose me capable of an undistinguishing resentment.”

“To be sure my poor mother was to blame—I have—”

“I will not permit this retrospect, Sukey. I am here only to serve and comfort you.”

“God bless you, dear sir. I fear I must not hope to enjoy the comfort you give me long?”

“I have not at present any engagement so strong as to force me away from the common duties of humanity. Unknown, I should have offered you my services. Now, Sukey, command them freely.”

Mifs

Miss Robarts was affected; she could not speak.

“First of all,” said Mr. Lindsay, “it is necessary to inquire whether your mother left directions as to her interment, respecting either the place or manner?”

“Not any, sir, Miss Robarts replied, “indeed my dear mother never once thought of dying. Her disease affected her senses early.”

“Have you any desire she should be carried to England?”

“I desire,” she answered, “not to fail in my respect to her. Otherwise, I know not in England, where she would have chose to lie. My father lies at Berwick. I never heard her intimate a desire to be buried there. Nor indeed in your native place; for our late residence has been at Stockton. But I am told there are difficulties here, on account of our being heretics. Indeed I should not be easy if my poor mother did not lie in consecrated ground. Pray tell me freely what you think?”

“That

“ That it is immaterial to the deceased. It is our own desires, or own vanities which we usually consult in funeral solemnities.”

“ Pray then advise me,” said she, “ as to the proper and decent. I really have no desire, no vanity to consult; for well I know at whose expence all our vanities——”

“ Stop that pretty acknowledging month, Sukey,” said Mr. Lindsay, “ or I must. But with regard to yourself, what do you intend or wish to do? Return to England or proceed to Mountpelier?”

“ How can I go to Mountpelier now? without a friend or relation of my own sex?”

“ Have you not sisters?”

“ Oh, no, Mr. Lindsay, they are dead. The youngest of a scarlet fever, four years since. My eldest was very unhappy. She had like to have broke our hearts. She was seduced by Mr. Brander, a rich gentleman, who deserted and left her upon the town. My poor sister,” said she, weeping, “ died

“died in an hospital. Ah! Mr. Lindsay, I have often thought our misery might have been a punishment from heaven for——”

“You thought wrong then, dear Sukey. Pray think more favourable of heaven, than that it would punish the innocent; and of me too. But this question: Do not let us have it to debate again.”

“I should be happy to be guided in this, as in every thing, by your——”

“In your weak condition, it is impossible you should attend her to England; do you wish that I should?”

“Oh—no—no.—If you leave me, I cannot live.”

Mr. Lindsay than determined to consign the old lady, to the consecrated earth of France. As to the matter of heresy, he knew how to prove her a true good catholic, though she had had the misfortune to die without confession. It cost only 20 louis-d'ors to convince the parochial priest; and 40 to

to open the eyes of the Franciscans. Nor were the fermiers of the droit d'alibane, a people insensible to reason; so in a few days, all was well—except the young lady herself.

“ I believe I need not enter into the delicacy of Mr. Lindsay's situation; my fair readers will conceive it. After balancing the decorums of society against the duties of humanity, he thought he might reconcile both, by conducting Miss Robarts to Passy, a pleasant village near Paris, and entreating for her the countenance and friendship of Miss Colerain.

Miss Colerain, never able to resist the plea of distress, complied with Mr. Lindsay's desire. Her friend at Paris being now recovered, she even took apartments in the same house at Passy.

Mr. Lindsay lodging at an adjacent hotel.

Penetrated with this goodness, all the simplicity of Miss Robart's tender heart
was

was soon open to her. Its predominant feeling was gratitude, or a sentiment still warmer than gratitude, for Mr. Lindsay.

So soothing were his attentions, that, added to little excursions to Paris, and such amusements as were proper for Miss Robarts to take, she believed herself better. She even talked with pleasure of her journey to Montpellier, her two friends having promised to accompany her thither, when she was sufficiently strong. But to Miss Colerain her fine bloom and airy spirits, were only certain symptoms of approaching mortality. Indeed, the hour of her dissolution was much nearer than this lady's expectations. Six weeks after her arrival at Passy, she had lain down, as usual, one afternoon upon her couch. Miss Colerain and Mr. Lindsay were observing, with mingled pain and pleasure, the smiles that played around her lovely mouth, denoted an agreeable slumber. She awoke, and with sweet placidity, said, " Sure never
girl

girl was blessed with two such friends.”
“ You have had pleasant dreams, my dear Sukey ;” said Mr. Lindsay. “ Yes,” she answered, “ very sweet indeed. I thought I was in heaven, and you with me ; and so happy.”

“ And how do you feel yourself, my sweet friend ?” asked Miss Colerain. Oh charmingly,” she answered. “ I think I will rise. She made a gentle effort to do this, sunk back again upon her pillow, and died in an instant, without discomposure, or any motion that denoted pain.

C H A P. XXXI.

MISS Robarts had once expressed a wish, if she should die in France to be buried by her mother; and it was regarded by her friends as sacred. They attended her to the grave. Returning to Passy, Miss Colerain put a packet into the hands of Mr. Lindsay. It was Miss Robart's will, accompanied with an affectionate letter. In this letter she thanked Heaven, that by the kind assistance of Miss Colerain, she had been able to restore Mr. Lindsay his rights; it was an act of justice by which her mind was rendered more easy, and

more resigned to death. This will, unknown to Mr. Lindsay, and unsuspected, had been drawn up at Paris, by an English attorney then at that place; two English gentlemen of rank were present, and witnessed the signing and sealing of three wills, copies of each other; each gentleman had one copy in trust; the third was for Mr. Lindsay. The merchant who had married Miss Beauvaloir, and who had an extensive acquaintance amongst the English at Paris, had conducted the whole. "I knew," said Miss Colerain to Mr. Lindsay, "that had we made you a confidant in Miss Robart's intentions, your delicacy would have been much in our way."

This will rendered Mr. Lindsay's presence necessary in the North of England. Not that he had any opposition or even murmur to apprehend, for Miss Robarts had no near, nor any expecting relations. As Miss Colerain's business was settled in Paris, and her friend recovered, she took the opportunity of Mr. Lindsay's conduct, and returned,
with

with her faithful Molly, to join Miss Carlill in England.

There, upon the principle of *detur dignissimæ*, or first respects ought to be paid to Mrs. Birimport, now a widow. Death, not suddenly, not insiduously, had taken away Mr. Birimport, whose teasing and contradictory temper was the last of him which died. It was but three days before this final event, Mrs. Birimport sitting silent and pensive by his bed-side,—“And so,” says he, “you would persuade me now that you shall really grieve when I am gone?”

“If,” she answered, “you are not already persuaded of this, Mr. Birimport,”—some feeling or other stopt the completion of the period.”

“How should I?”—he asked—“Have not I been your tyrant?”

“Did I ever give you cause to suppose I considered you as one?”

“I cannot deny,” he answered, “but that you have dissembled tolerably well.”

“Dissembled! Mr. Birimport.”

“ So I should imagine. In reckoning up how many causes of hatred a reasonable good wife, as times go, might find in me; I think three are capital. First cause, I am old. That is to say, old enough to be thy father, Emilia; and infirm enough to be thy grandfather. Then Emilia, I have put thee in a nunnery, and barred thee the sight of men; for nuns are frail, Second cause. Thirdly and lastly, I have controuled thy actions and derided thy opinions.”

“ I am glad,” said Mrs. Birimport, “ to see you in so good spirits.”

“ May be so,” he replied. “ Would it not be difficult to convince a woman, that either the Lord or her husband chastised her for pure affection?”

“ Piety,” she answered, “ might do much in the former case.”

“ But in the latter, I suppose,” said Mr. Birimport, “ there is no foundation for faith? Yet why may not husbands be as good school-masters as father’s are supposed to be?”

“ Few

“ Few women chuse to be treated as children,” replied Mrs. Birimport.”

“ What pity,” said he, “ they do not chuse to cease to be so. The vanity now, that begun in the frock and is continued in the gown, at what instant of its progression does it change its childish nature, Emilia? Vanity, which makes such terrible ravage in the female mind, for the cure of which, or the prevention, heaven sent the small-pox. We are wise enough to destroy the antidote by inoculation, and let the disease make its own way. So smooth skins and looking-glasses overflow the land. So women are——what they are.”

Mrs. Birimport smiled, but did not answer.

“ Perhaps,” continued he, “ you think, that for this dove-like disposition of your’s, I shall make a swinging addition to your jointure. There, Mrs. Birimport you will be mistaken.”

“ I assure you,” she answered, you are mistaken in the supposition.”

“ After having taken uncommon pains to *preserve* thee from the follies of the age, I should be a very unwise confectioner, to destroy the preserving quality, and put in its place the ingredients of corruption.”

I think, for a dying man, this is enough; and yet it is but a specimen; for Mr. Birim-port to his dying hour, had an alternate ebb and flow of spirits though it must be owned the ebb time was far the most prevalent.

His funeral being over, his will was read in the presence of some friends which he himself named, and run thus:—

W I L L.

“ I, William Birimport, of the parish of———do make this, my last will and testament, in manner and form following—for in this lower world, manners and forms must be followed, and not the less for wanting common sense.

“ Imprimis, I give my soul to him that gave it me, hoping in trembling humility, that
it

it will be dealt with more according to his mercy than its deserts. Secondly, I give my body to the worms, and direct it to be put into a deal coffin, without lead, that they may have their legacy the sooner. Thirdly, I give my temper—to the devil. And whereas, I married a wife, that I might not be too much obliged to that said temper, which I have charitably disposed of as above, for the needful plagues of this life; and having been disappointed by her most hardened and obdurate patience; and by a long catalogue of qualities which the foolish world has been pleased to call virtues; and of which, in the actual existing course of things, she has as much as would be a decent provision for any twenty of the best wives in this good metropolis; and as I hate all monopolies—except Eastern monopolies, therefore I do give and bequeath to my said wife, all my worldly wealth, of what kind or description soever; hoping it will dispose her to give away a few of these things called vir-

L 4

tues,

tues, to her poor neighbours of the high-born breed; or to exchange them for those more sublime ones which distinguish these distinguished mortals. · Probatum est. As to relations—if she can find any of mine worth her notice, which I confess I have not been able to do, she may be kind to them if she will.”

“ God bless her.”

This whimsical statement was accompanied with another, drawn up in all the forms by Mr. Birimport’s attorney, bearing date the same day. Whether the kind intentions of the owner were answered, it is for time, not me, to shew.

C H A P. XXXII.

AT Lady Mary Paradyne's, things went on differently; Lady Mary had not death to contend with, she had only gout. It is certainly a very unlady like disease; yet it falls to the lot of some very distinguished females in this island; upon some by inheritance; upon others, as the lawyers say, by purchase. The first attack was trifling, the exacerbation fell less upon her foot than her head; for it broke a thousand magnificent engagements. However, a slipper or a snuff box thrown at the head of her nurse or her woman, gave her tolerable ease.

“ The second attack was terrible. Every body who has the transcendant happiness of knowing what animal magnetism is, know that the crisis into which a patient may be thrown by it, renders to that patient all bodies diaphonous. Whether Lady Mary’s gout had a redundant magnetism; or whether the nurse, who was of the first rank of nurses, had been initiated in this supreme of all existing mysteries, it is certain, Lady Mary saw as clearly into the bodies, and I believe souls, of every servant who approached her, as if they had been cased in crystal. And she saw so many foulnesses there, and so many aberrations, that Lady Mary’s language was almost wholly moral and vituperative. The nurse herself was not at all times exempt from this inspection; but did not demean herself under it so submissively as she ought. One day Lady Mary was under the necessity of enforcing her observations with a case knife, which happened unfortunately to fall upon the fleshy part of the nurse’s arm, and caused a small solution of continuity. The

The wound indeed was neither so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, yet it served to draw forth all the nurse's powers of oratory, which were great. It was a long time since Lady Mary had heard so much truth respecting herself. Amongst other things, she did not forget to say, that she had drove the finest young gentleman in England out of the kingdom by her abominable temper. The conclusion of the oration, the peroration I think the classic folk call it was—but the d—l may nurse you for me.

Lady Mary was astonished at an eloquence so superior to her own; and lost the inclination of entering the lists with so great a mistress. She only gave a certain toss with her head, and said, “A woman of my rank!” “Rank!” replied the nurse—“if rank would save people from the gout, it would be worth something. For my part I see no difference between a duchess and a washer-woman. If fine folks could learn any thing but pride, a sick bed would teach them that they are but flesh and blood, as well as poor folks.”

Lest, in such powerful hands, the knife, so unluckily thrown, might swell into a sword, or at least a dagger, Lady Mary thought proper to endeavour to bring the nurse to reason. Kind words, aided by a bank note, at length succeeded; and nurse said,—“ That when people were in a passion, they said things that they never thought on before; and that she would sooner bite her tongue off, than it should ever speak another syllable against so kind-hearted a lady.” So the blessings of peace were restored.

I know not why I wrote this chapter, unless to shew that Lady Mary was Lady Mary still. It must be owned, and I did own it, which is a great effort in an author, to a critic, from whom I condescend to hear of my faults now and then after dinner, that there is nothing in it to the purpose of my book?” “ Pray,” says my friend, “ what may be the purpose of your book?” “ What,” says I, “ you have forgot the exordium. Is it not to shew how little felicity young men are like to get, and how much they lose, by an
indulgence

indulgence of their passions." "If that be all," my friend answered, "make yourself easy. The present chapter is full as much to the purpose as half the chapters in the book; but if you had said old women instead of young men, it would have been directly to the point."

CHAP. XXXIII.

SINCE episodical matter is liable to this weighty objection, I will say nothing of the lovely Miss Fluellen; nor of Mr. Lindsay who may settle his affairs in the North how he can; nor even of Miss Colerain—except that this young lady was again going to return
to

to the continent, at the request of Miss Carlill, who had still affairs to settle at Ghent. No—for the future let us think only of our business.

Sir George Paradyne had not been many hours at Milan, when, at the same hotel, arrived the honourable Mr. Bardoe, brother to Lord F. His suite consisted of eight servants; a major domo, his gentleman or valet-de-chambre, two French horns and four footmen. The honourable Mr. Bardoe's mother was the daughter of a duke; and the partiality of an aunt had rendered him one of the wealthiest men in England. He was entering into his fortieth year; was tall, graceful, of polite but reserved manners. He seldom gave himself the trouble to speak; when he did, his sentiments were usually singular, but his diction elegant. He had the reputation of being one of the first scholars in Europe; and indeed from twelve to thirty years of age, his rage for books was unbounded.

Whilst his aunt lived, he principally resided with her in the country; at her death, he burst into the great world, and for a few
years

years partook of its pleasures with unbounded rage. But his taste was too good, his mind too active, to be long satisfied with the mere pleasures of sense, and he found the beau monde in pursuit of no other. He never ceased therefore to cultivate the sciences; but at this period, he had reached the summit of refinement; no book could now be wrote with sufficient perspicuity, strength and elegance; no painting that fell not short of excellence; no modern music spoke to the soul. In short, his fastidious delicacy saw every work of art with unadmiring eyes; and this, his second journey to Italy was with a view to draw, if he could draw, any amusement from the more splendid scenes of nature.

As is usual, signior Mavini, host of the hotel, went to pay his compliments, and take his honour's commands. On the latter subject his honour replied in the best Italian,—My Major domo will do himself the honour to consult with you, signior, when he chuses to think it expedient.—Signior Mavini was scarce a stranger to English pride in any of
its

its forms; but he knew it was commonly well paid for, so made his bow and retired.

The habit of courtesy is so confirmed in some of the keepers of inns and hotels, that it is as difficult to deprive them of it as to give it to others. Signior Mavini thought, as the honourable Mr. Bardoe was alone, he would undoubtedly be glad of society. He took the liberty therefore to wait again upon the honourable Mr. Bardoe, just to say, that an English gentleman, the Chevalier Paradyne, was in the house and alone. If Milord chose company, he durst say the Chevalier——

“ Signior Mavini,” said his honour, “ do me the favour to let me provide for myself. I do not chuse company. Least of all, that of the cubs of my own country, led by their bears.” Signior Mavini did not quite comprehend the cubs and bears; but he felt very intimately the awful tone of the honourable Mr. Bardoe, and retired very hastily; crossing himself at the door of the apartment, and resolved to devolve the payment of his future courtesies upon his waiters.

All

All the inn was quickly engaged in the service of the honourable Mr. Bardoe, whose major domo ordered a supper, which for plenty and variety might have served the duke of Tuscany at least. In the three hours taken in preparing it, his honour had walked a little in his apartment, lounged a little upon his sofa, looked a little in the mirrors, read a little in half a score travelling classics, and at length was taken with a little fit of ennui, which he thought very impertinent and provoking.

Paradyne!—said he to himself—Paradyne! he whose father was lost in his passage from Ireland. The young fellow whom Harcourt called out the day after he had received a Captain's commission. I have seen him I think, at Boodle's. Stepping out of Christchurch into his estate. Designed for a parson. Knows all the bishops and deans, and the value of all preferments. No—I will not send to him. I shall be overwhelmed with academic stuff; and repartees of fellows of colleges. But—continued his honour mentally—He was a winter in London, dangling
after

after Lady Ann Brixworth; and I think I heard of him in Paris, making a stupid eclat in matters of gallantry. It is possible he may be endured. Then calling for his major domo, he sent his compliments to Sir George Paradyne, requesting the favour of his company to supper.

Though his honour knew so little of Sir George, Sir George knew pretty much of his honour, and was not sorry to meet in Italy, a man so singular in England. He accepted the invitation, and after the ordinary salutations, sat down to supper.

This supper consisted of three courses; each of which might have satisfied Apicius; and was served with as much pomp and ceremony, as if the Prince of Wales had feasted the whole diplomatic corps. It is true, his honour had no appetite; he piddled indeed of twenty dishes; whilst Sir George who finished early in the first course, waited the conclusion with an impatience bordering on disgust. In the mean time, the countenance of the honourable Mr. Bardoe was grave and solemn; his orders monosyllabic, and his conversation
the

the most laconic possible, consistent with good manners.

When all was taken away, and the servants had withdrawn, this liberal entertainer gave out his toasts to the royal family, seemingly with more promptitude and alacrity than he had performed any other part of the business of the evening.

“ You liked your supper, Sir George, I hope,” said he.

Sir George bowed. “ Nay,” answered his honour to the bow, “ As you say, it had little to recommend it; but I dare say it was the best my major domo could procure.”

“ Pardon me,” said Sir George, “ I had not the least fault to find in it, except its too great excellence.”

“ You are of opinion then,” said Mr. Bardoe, “ a thing may be too good.”

“ I must answer,” replied Sir George, gaily, “ in the words of an English proverb, —there may be too much of a good thing.”

“ Yes—that’s true—” said Mr. Bardoe. “ But a large fortune lays us under the insupportable

portable necessity of spending it some how or other. One must keep fellows about one. One must exercise them in their separate capacities, or the stupid blockheads would soon forget how to perform their insignificant nothings."

"So large a train," said Sir George, "I should think, must incumber you on a journey."

"So they would," replied his honour, "were I to travel with the expedition of a light-horseman. But to me it is the same thing whether I travel swift or slow, or not at all. They serve to spend money. They procure us external respect at least; and one is in less danger of being robbed. Not that I think any one of my scoundrels would endanger his own person for my sake; but the number is sufficient to deter an ordinary-gang of Banditti."

"Although," said Sir George,—“you may be indifferent as to the space you measure in a given time, you are not so I suppose,

pose, with regard to the places at which you would chuse to stop?"

"I should not," replied Mr. Bardoe, "like to eat the dainty repast of the prophet Ezekiel, nor lie in a barn upon straw. Let my wants, or if you chuse to call them so, luxuries be provided for, to the rest I am totally indifferent."

"What!" said Sir George, "a Swiss village with good fare, would it please you as well as Rome?"

"Much better," replied his honour. "There was indeed a time, when I thought pictures pleased me, and statues, and old coins, and all the trumpery of virtù, but when I came to canvass my sensations, I found I had been egregiously deceived; like other fools, who fancy they are pleased when they are not."

"Really," said Sir George, "this is new; I imagined when a man thought he was pleased, he was so."

"I maintain, sir, answered Mr. Bardoe, "that physical sensibility, is the sole source of
all

all existing pleasure, and that a man who thinks, may make a scale of it for himself, and determine for himself, to a very small matter, the degree of pleasure, he can receive from any given subject."

"It must be owned," said Sir George, "this is a most curious speculation. What then is physical sensibility?"

"A motion impressed upon the nerves, and thence communicated to the brain," replied Mr. Bardoe.

"Is physical sensibility concerned in the reading of Homer's Iliad?" asked Sir George?

"Certainly," Mr. Bardoe, replied, "the optic nerve is first struck, or perhaps the auditory; then follow a series of motion accompanied by their appropriate associations; ideas, as they are commonly called, are formed in the brain; and pleasure comes, if pleasure can come, by the stupid operation of reading."

"But," said Sir George, "if reading were not accompanied by pleasure, it were labour

labour merely—its uses are so great, it does not deserve the name of a stupid operation.”

“It is my way,” replied the honourable Mr. Bardoe, “to call things by the names they seem to me to deserve; and it is my way, never to give myself the least concern whether I think like other people or no. What is it to me, what men did a thousand or two of years ago? What is it to me, whether Saturn has five moons or five hundred? Or what—whether morality is founded on the will of God or general expediency? To those whose nerves are apt to be titillated by the fly flaps of vanity, these may be pleasant lucubrations; but for me, there must be stronger strokes.”

“You will oblige me very much,” said Sir George, “by giving me your opinion, what are the principal pleasures of life?”

“My opinion, Sir George Paradyne,” replied Mr. Bardoe, “is, that there are no pleasures in life at all. There is indeed, a sort of stupid enjoyment in eating and drinking; but if you attempt to make pleasures of them,

them, what follows but a ten-fold proportion of pain."

"Love at least," said Sir George.

"May have a few pleasurable sensations," answered Mr. Bardoe; "but who dare take them? Venal love—what is it but poison? That, flowing from the warmth of two fond hearts, is so hedged about by canon laws, and civil laws, and laws of decorum, that the ten plagues of Egypt are in its train. And for wedded love—does any wise man marry?"

"———Uxorum Posthume ducis

"Dic, qua Tisiphone, quibus exagitare colubris?"

"Ferre potes dominam, Salvis tot restibus ullam?"

"You quote, sir," said Sir George, "from a most inhuman satirist. I think better of women."

"Do so still, sir. I never trouble myself whether any one thinks as I do," said Mr. Bardoe.

"Are

“Are all women alike in your eyes?” asked Sir George. “Is there not one who could change your ideas?”

“I hope not,” replied Mr. Bardoe. “I hope I have passed the ordeal. I accidentally indeed fell into the company of a young English woman at Paris, as I passed through, a Miss Colerain, who seemed very capable of inspiring those little voluptuary emotions, dignified by the name of love. A few hours I was rather in danger; but on reflection, how very small is the sum total of pleasure in the power of woman to bestow; with how many attentions it must be bought; what sacrifices are commonly made to it.—I left Paris early the next morning.

The honourable Mr. Bardoe might now have railed in the language of Juvenal for an hour unheard; he had conjured up a spirit in the mind of Sir George; which forbade a thought to enter there, injurious to the dear sex. Nor was it long before

Mr. Bardoe perceiving himself unattended to. He yawned—the discovery that they were no longer agreeable to each other was soon made, and they wished one another a good night, with all the signs of polite nonchalance.



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